

## Page 19

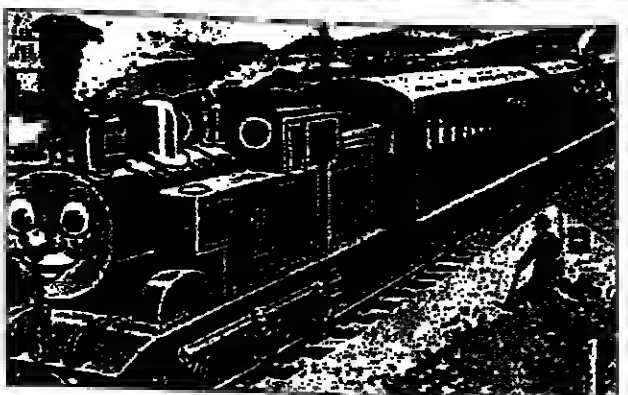
**Mary Bell at 16: 'She is now intelligent and artistic'**

anging from a dislocated  
houlder to cuts and bruises.  
One officer is said to have lost  
several teeth after being hit  
by a brick.



## Publishing coup

Danish firm aims to win rights to two profitable characters of children's fiction, writes Kamal Ahmed



## Pooh and Thomas set to fall into foreign hands

THE publishing rights to two of Britain's best-loved children's book characters, Winnie the Pooh and Thomas the Tank Engine, are set to be sold to the Danish books and television giant, the Egmont Group.

The deal, believed to be worth \$28.5 million, is expected to be announced next week. It marks another significant loss of a British institution to foreign ownership.

Winnie the Pooh and Thomas the Tank Engine are at present published by the British firm, Reed Children's Books.

Rolls-Royce, the Q22, the Savoy and Claridges have all recently been sold to foreign companies, including accusations that Britain was losing its cultural and commercial heritage.

"This is a very big deal for Egmont and will put them on the United Kingdom map," said Philip Jones, of the Bookseller magazine.

"The value of characters such as Winnie the Pooh and Thomas is almost incalculable. Not only do you have the name, themselves, which will sell you

more books, but you also have all the rights to market the name for films and all the commercial add-ons that are essential to a successful product."

The deal is another stage in the growth of publishing giants, which own rights to authors from across the globe. In March the German publishers, Bertelsmann, took over Random House in a \$240 million deal.

The purchase of Reed Children's will also give Egmont the publishing rights to Babar the Elephant, Tintin and The Wind in the Willows. The deal was due to be announced yesterday but was delayed as lawyers laboured over documents.

A source said legal teams would work through the weekend to finalise the deal.

As part of the deal there will also be a \$13.5 million agreement with the British firm, the Britt Allcroft Company, for the non-publishing rights to Thomas and all the books in the popular Railway Series by the Rev W. Awdrey. Britt Allcroft was largely responsible for reintroducing the character of Thomas the Tank Engine series with

video and television deals. The company is now set to own those licensing rights.

The Egmont deal, thought to be worth \$28.5 million, is likely to spark a revamp in the marketing of Winnie the Pooh, who with Fievel, Boyer and Tiger captured children's imaginations with the House at Pooh Corner and the interminable search for the Heffalump.

Egmont, one of the largest publishers on the continent, already owns rights to the Mister Men series of books.

The company has been expanding rapidly and since the early 1990s its annual sale of children's books has risen from 5 million to 60 million.

It recently bought the German publishing house, Pustet, and also has television interests across Scandinavia.

The sale of Reed Children's marks the latest stage in the attempt by the parent company, Reed Elsevier, to divest itself of much of its book publishing interests.

Reed Elsevier will concentrate on its business of scientific and medical books.



Stream of success... Rights to Winnie the Pooh and (top left) Thomas the Tank Engine are set to pass into the hands of the Danish publishing giant, the Egmont Group

## Whitehall plan to protect jobs

Mark Atkinson and Larry Elliott

SPECIAL help for small businesses is a key element in secret contingency plans being drawn up by Whitehall to prevent the Government's flagship welfare-to-work programme from being wrecked by an economic downturn.

With figures over yesterday showing growth cooling rapidly in the first three months of 1998, ministers plan to move up defences around the New Deal project for the jobless to make it as recession-proof as possible.

An expansion of further education and training to seek up people made jobless by a worsening economic outlook is also being considered by officials, who have been instructed to prepare for a slowdown this year and next.

The Treasury, the Department for Education and Employment and the Number 10 Policy Unit are looking at ways of cushioning the impact of a possible downturn over the next 18 months.

Since most small businesses go to the wall in recessions because they cannot keep up with VAT payments, one option under consideration is to give them a VAT holiday.

Ministers are anxious to avoid a repeat of the early 1990s, when thousands of small businesses facing severe cash flow problems closed their doors. A VAT holiday would be a lifeline for them.

The Government also believes that education and training is now far more market-driven than in the past and

flexible enough to cope with a sudden increase in supply of students caused by a shake-out in the labour market.

However, while ministers believe that it would be possible to ride out a relatively mild recession, they admit that all bets would be off if the downturn was deep and prolonged.

Signs that the expected economic slowdown is well under way came with the publication yesterday of the first quarter gross domestic product data, showing that the economy expanded by just 0.1 per cent in the three months to March.

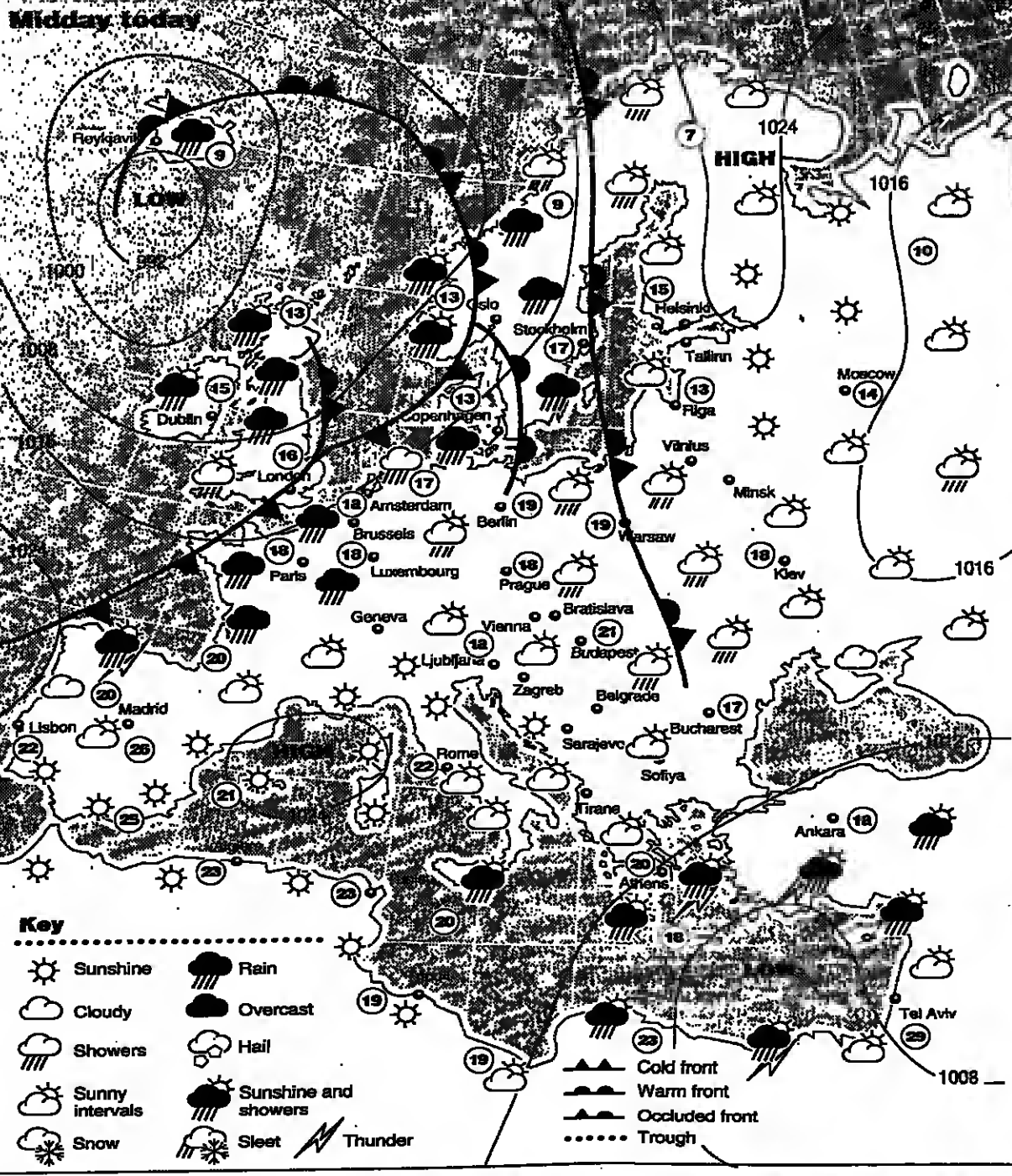
With manufacturing hobbled by the strong pound, and the service sector starting to come off the boil, the Office for National Statistics said that the first quarter saw the slowest growth for almost three years. In the final three months of 1997, growth was 0.6 per cent, while in the two previous quarters it had been 0.9 per cent.

The Treasury, backed by the Bank of England, says the economy needs to slow down to keep the lid on inflation and is predicting that gross domestic product will expand by between 2 and 2.5 per cent this year and by between 1.75 and 2.25 per cent in 1998.

Ministers believe growth of that level would ensure the New Deal - which went nationwide earlier this month - is successful in getting young people back to work.

But independent forecasters such as the National Institute for Economic Research say there is a one-in-four chance of negative growth, mainly due to the strength of the pound which is making life harder for UK industry by making exports dearer and import substitutes cheaper.

## The weather in Europe



## Forecast for the cities

Today	Tomorrow
Algeria 23/10	Algeria 24/10
Amman 17/9	Amman 18/9
Amsterdam 17/9	Amsterdam 18/9
Antwerp 17/9	Antwerp 18/9
Athens 17/9	Athens 18/9
Bombay 17/9	Bombay 18/9
Buenos Aires 17/9	Buenos Aires 18/9
Calcutta 17/9	Calcutta 18/9
Cairo 17/9	Cairo 18/9
Cardiff 17/9	Cardiff 18/9
Chennai 17/9	Chennai 18/9
Copenhagen 17/9	Copenhagen 18/9
Dublin 17/9	Dublin 18/9
Edinburgh 17/9	Edinburgh 18/9
Geneva 17/9	Geneva 18/9
Hong Kong 17/9	Hong Kong 18/9
London 17/9	London 18/9
Madras 17/9	Madras 18/9
Manila 17/9	Manila 18/9
Medan 17/9	Medan 18/9
Mumbai 17/9	Mumbai 18/9
Paris 17/9	Paris 18/9
Rangoon 17/9	Rangoon 18/9
Seoul 17/9	Seoul 18/9
Singapore 17/9	Singapore 18/9
Tokyo 17/9	Tokyo 18/9
Yokohama 17/9	Yokohama 18/9

## Around the world

Today	Tomorrow
Algeria 23/10	Algeria 24/10
Amman 17/9	Amman 18/9
Amsterdam 17/9	Amsterdam 18/9
Antwerp 17/9	Antwerp 18/9
Athens 17/9	Athens 18/9
Bombay 17/9	Bombay 18/9
Buenos Aires 17/9	Buenos Aires 18/9
Calcutta 17/9	Calcutta 18/9
Cairo 17/9	Cairo 18/9
Cardiff 17/9	Cardiff 18/9
Chennai 17/9	Chennai 18/9
Copenhagen 17/9	Copenhagen 18/9
Dublin 17/9	Dublin 18/9
Edinburgh 17/9	Edinburgh 18/9
Geneva 17/9	Geneva 18/9
Hong Kong 17/9	Hong Kong 18/9
London 17/9	London 18/9
Madras 17/9	Madras 18/9
Manila 17/9	Manila 18/9
Medan 17/9	Medan 18/9
Mumbai 17/9	Mumbai 18/9
Paris 17/9	Paris 18/9
Rangoon 17/9	Rangoon 18/9
Seoul 17/9	Seoul 18/9
Singapore 17/9	Singapore 18/9
Tokyo 17/9	Tokyo 18/9
Yokohama 17/9	Yokohama 18/9

## European weather outlook

Denmark and southern parts of Sweden and Norway will be cloudy with spells of rain, especially in the second half of the day when some of the rain will be heavy. Further north it will be showery, but Finland should stay dry with decent sunny spells. Max temp 13-17°C, but cooler in the north. Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland.

Heavy rain across the Low Countries this morning will move into northern Germany this afternoon. It will be another fairly mild day but most parts will be cloudy, but as the rain clears the Low Countries it should brighten up. Austria and Switzerland will be dry with reasonable sunny spells. Max temp 17-21°C.

Rain this morning across the north will spread southwards, some of it thundery, but south of the Massif Central it should remain dry with the best of the sunshine along the Mediterranean coast. Max temp 19-21°C.

Southern parts will be cloudy with thundery downpours and this rain will spread into central parts by evening. The Spanish Coast and the Algarve will be dry and hot with sunny spells. Max temp 17-20°C in the north, but up to 27°C in the south.

Bleak and the far south will be at risk from an afternoon thundery shower, but most of the country will enjoy a dry, warm and mostly sunny day. Max temp 19-21°C.

Corfu and some western parts may escape with a dry but mainly cloudy day. Elsewhere it will be generally cloudy with heavy, thundery rain lasting on and off all day. Max temp 18-21°C.

## Television and radio - Saturday

Time	Channel	Programme
8.00am	BBC 1	The Early Show, 8.00 News, 8.01 Weather, 8.02 From Our Own Correspondent, 8.03 The Early Show, 8.04 The Early Show, 8.05 The Early Show, 8.06 The Early Show, 8.07 The Early Show, 8.08 The Early Show, 8.09 The Early Show, 8.10 The Early Show, 8.11 The Early Show, 8.12 The Early Show, 8.13 The Early Show, 8.14 The Early Show, 8.15 The Early Show, 8.16 The Early Show, 8.17 The Early Show, 8.18 The Early Show, 8.19 The Early Show, 8.20 The Early Show, 8.21 The Early Show, 8.22 The Early Show, 8.23 The Early Show, 8.24 The Early Show, 8.25 The Early Show, 8.26 The Early Show, 8.27 The Early Show, 8.28 The Early Show, 8.29 The Early Show, 8.30 The Early Show, 8.31 The Early Show, 8.32 The Early Show, 8.33 The Early Show, 8.34 The Early Show, 8.35 The Early Show, 8.36 The Early Show, 8.37 The Early Show, 8.38 The Early Show, 8.39 The Early Show, 8.40 The Early Show, 8.41 The Early Show, 8.42 The Early Show, 8.43 The Early Show, 8.44 The Early Show, 8.45 The Early Show, 8.46 The Early Show, 8.47 The Early Show, 8.48 The Early Show, 8.49 The Early Show, 8.50 The Early Show, 8.51 The Early Show, 8.52 The Early Show, 8.53 The Early Show, 8.54 The Early Show, 8.55 The Early Show, 8.56 The Early Show, 8.57 The Early Show, 8.58 The Early Show, 8.59 The Early Show, 9.00 The Early Show, 9.01 The Early Show, 9.02 The Early Show, 9.03 The Early Show, 9.04 The Early Show, 9.05 The Early Show, 9.06 The Early Show, 9.07 The Early Show, 9.08 The Early Show, 9.09 The Early Show, 9.10 The Early Show, 9.11 The Early Show, 9.12 The Early Show, 9.13 The Early Show, 9.14 The Early Show, 9.15 The Early Show, 9.16 The Early Show, 9.17 The Early Show, 9.18 The Early Show, 9.19 The Early Show, 9.20 The Early Show, 9.21 The Early Show, 9.22 The Early Show, 9.23 The Early Show, 9.24 The Early Show, 9.25 The Early Show, 9.26 The Early Show, 9.27 The Early Show, 9.28 The Early Show, 9.29 The Early Show, 9.30 The Early Show, 9.31 The Early Show, 9.32 The Early Show, 9.33 The Early Show, 9.34 The Early Show, 9.35 The Early Show, 9.36 The Early Show, 9.37 The Early Show, 9.38 The Early Show, 9.39 The Early Show, 9.40 The Early Show, 9.41 The Early Show, 9.42 The Early Show, 9.43 The Early Show, 9.44 The Early Show, 9.45 The Early Show, 9.46 The Early Show, 9.47 The Early Show, 9.48 The Early Show, 9.49 The Early Show, 9.50 The Early Show, 9.51 The Early Show, 9.52 The Early Show, 9.53 The Early Show, 9.54 The Early Show, 9.55 The Early Show, 9.56 The Early Show, 9.57 The Early Show, 9.58 The Early Show, 9.59 The Early Show, 10.00 The Early Show, 10.01 The Early Show, 10.02 The Early Show, 10.03 The Early Show, 10.04 The Early Show, 10.05 The Early Show, 10.06 The Early Show, 10.07 The Early Show, 10.08 The Early Show, 10.09 The Early Show, 10.10 The Early Show, 10.11 The Early Show, 10.12 The Early Show, 10.13 The Early Show, 10.14 The Early Show, 10.15 The Early Show, 10.16 The Early Show, 10.17 The Early Show, 10.18 The Early Show, 10.19 The Early Show, 10.20 The Early Show, 10.21 The Early Show, 10.22 The Early Show, 10.23 The Early Show, 10.24 The Early Show, 10.25 The Early Show, 10.26 The Early Show, 10.27 The Early Show, 10.28 The Early Show, 10.29 The Early Show, 10.30 The Early Show, 10.31 The Early Show, 10.32 The Early Show, 10.33 The Early Show, 10.34 The Early Show, 10.35 The Early Show, 10.36 The Early Show, 10.37 The Early Show, 10.38 The Early Show, 10.39 The Early Show, 10.40 The Early Show, 10.41 The Early Show, 10.42 The Early Show, 10.43 The Early Show, 10.44 The Early Show, 10.45 The Early Show, 10.46 The Early Show, 10.47 The Early Show, 10.48 The Early Show, 10.49 The Early Show, 10.50 The Early Show, 10.51 The Early Show, 10.52 The Early Show, 10.53 The Early Show, 10.54 The Early Show, 10.55 The Early Show, 10.56 The Early Show, 10.57 The Early Show, 10.58 The Early Show, 10.59 The Early Show, 11.00 The Early Show, 11.01 The Early Show, 11.02 The Early Show, 11.03 The Early Show, 11.04 The Early Show, 11.05 The Early Show, 11.06 The Early Show, 11.07 The Early Show, 11.08 The Early Show, 11.09 The Early Show, 11.10 The Early Show, 11.11 The Early Show, 11.12 The Early Show, 11.13 The Early Show, 11.14 The Early Show, 11.15 The Early Show, 11.16 The Early Show, 11.17 The Early Show, 11.18 The Early Show, 11.19 The Early Show, 11.20 The Early Show, 11.21 The Early Show, 11.22 The Early Show, 11.23 The Early Show, 11.24 The Early Show, 11.25 The Early Show, 11.26 The Early Show, 11.27 The Early Show, 11.28 The Early Show, 11.29 The Early Show, 11.30 The Early Show, 11.31 The Early Show, 11.32 The Early Show, 11.33 The Early Show, 11.34 The Early Show, 11.35 The Early Show, 11.36 The Early Show, 11.37 The Early Show, 11.38 The Early Show, 11.39 The Early Show, 11.40 The Early Show, 11.41 The Early Show, 11.42 The Early Show, 11.43 The Early Show, 11.44 The Early Show, 11.45 The Early Show, 11.46 The Early Show, 11.47 The Early Show, 11.48 The Early Show, 11.49 The Early Show, 11.50 The Early Show, 11.51 The Early Show, 11.52 The Early Show, 11.53 The Early Show, 11.54 The Early Show, 11.55 The Early Show, 11.56 The Early Show, 11.57 The Early Show, 11.58 The Early Show, 11.59 The Early Show, 12.00 The Early Show, 12.01 The Early Show, 12.02 The Early Show, 12.03 The Early Show, 12.04 The Early Show, 12.05 The Early Show, 12.06 The Early Show, 12.07 The Early Show, 12.08 The Early Show, 12.09 The Early Show, 12.10 The Early Show, 12.11 The Early Show, 12.12 The Early Show, 12.13 The Early Show, 12.14 The Early Show, 12.15 The Early Show, 12.16 The Early Show, 12.17 The Early Show, 12.18 The Early Show, 12.19 The Early Show, 12.20 The Early Show, 12.21 The Early Show, 12.22 The Early Show, 12.23 The Early Show, 12.24 The Early Show, 12.25 The Early Show, 12.26 The Early Show, 12.27 The Early Show, 12.28 The Early Show, 12.29 The Early Show, 12.30 The Early Show, 12.31 The Early Show, 12.32 The Early Show, 12.33 The Early Show, 12.34 The Early Show, 12.35 The Early Show, 12.36 The Early Show, 12.37 The Early Show, 12.38 The Early Show, 12.39 The Early Show, 12.40 The Early Show, 12.41 The Early Show, 12.42 The Early Show, 12.43 The Early Show, 12.44 The Early Show, 12.45 The Early Show, 12.46 The Early Show, 12.47 The Early Show, 12.48 The Early Show, 12.49 The Early Show, 12.50 The Early Show, 12.51 The Early Show, 12.52 The Early Show, 12.53 The Early Show, 12.54 The Early Show, 12.55 The Early Show, 12.56 The Early Show, 12.57 The Early Show, 12.58 The Early Show, 12.59 The Early Show, 13.00 The Early Show, 13.01 The Early Show, 13.02 The Early Show, 13.03 The Early Show, 13.04 The Early Show, 13.05 The Early Show, 13.06 The Early Show, 13.07 The Early Show, 13.08 The Early Show, 13.09 The Early Show, 13.10 The Early Show, 13.11 The Early Show, 13.12 The Early Show, 13.13 The Early Show, 13.14 The Early Show, 13.15 The Early Show, 13.16 The Early Show, 13.17 The Early Show, 13.18 The Early Show, 13.19 The Early Show, 13.20 The Early Show, 13.21 The Early Show, 13.22 The Early Show, 13.23 The Early Show, 13.24 The Early Show, 13.25 The Early Show, 13.26 The Early Show, 13.27 The Early Show, 13.28 The Early Show, 13.29 The Early Show, 13.30 The Early Show, 13.31 The Early Show, 13.32 The Early Show, 13.33 The Early Show, 13.34 The Early Show, 13.35 The Early Show, 13.36 The Early Show, 13.37 The Early Show, 13.38 The Early Show, 13.39 The Early Show, 13.40 The Early Show, 13.41 The Early Show, 13.42 The Early Show, 13.43 The Early Show, 13.44 The Early Show, 13.45 The Early Show, 13.46 The Early Show, 13.47 The Early Show, 13.48 The Early Show, 13.49 The Early Show, 13.50 The Early Show, 13.51 The Early Show, 13.52 The Early Show, 13.53 The Early Show, 13.54 The Early Show, 13.55 The Early Show, 13.56 The Early Show, 13.57 The Early Show, 13.58 The Early Show, 13.59 The Early Show, 14.00 The Early Show, 14.01 The Early Show, 14.02 The Early Show, 14.03 The Early Show, 14.04 The Early Show, 14.05 The Early Show, 14.06 The Early Show, 14.07 The Early Show, 14.08 The Early Show, 14.09 The Early Show, 14.10 The Early Show, 14.11 The Early Show, 14.12 The Early Show, 14.13 The Early Show, 14.14 The Early Show, 14.15 The Early Show, 14.16 The Early Show, 14.17 The Early Show, 14.18 The Early Show, 14.19 The Early Show, 14.20 The Early Show, 14.21 The Early Show, 14.22 The Early Show, 14.23 The Early Show, 14.24 The Early Show, 14.25 The Early Show, 14.26 The Early Show, 14.27 The Early Show, 14.28 The Early Show, 14.29 The Early Show, 14.30 The Early Show, 14.31 The Early Show, 14.32 The Early Show, 14.33 The Early Show, 14.34 The Early Show, 14.35 The Early Show, 14.36 The Early Show, 14.37 The Early Show, 14.38 The Early Show, 14.39 The Early Show, 14.40 The Early Show, 14.41 The Early Show, 14.42 The Early Show, 14.43 The Early Show, 14.44 The Early Show, 14.45 The Early Show, 14.46 The Early Show, 14.47 The Early Show, 14.48 The Early Show, 14.49 The Early Show, 14.50 The Early Show, 14.51 The Early Show, 14.52 The Early Show, 14.53 The Early Show, 14.54 The Early Show, 14.55 The Early Show, 14.56 The Early Show, 14.57 The Early Show, 14.58 The Early Show, 14.59 The Early Show, 15.00 The Early Show, 15.01 The Early Show, 15.02 The Early Show, 15.03 The Early Show, 15.04 The Early Show, 15.05 The Early Show, 15.06 The Early Show, 15.07 The Early Show, 15.08 The Early Show, 15.09 The Early Show, 15.10 The Early Show, 15.11 The Early Show, 15.12 The Early Show, 15.13 The Early Show, 15.14 The Early Show, 15.15 The Early Show, 15.16 The Early Show, 15.17 The Early Show, 15.18 The Early Show, 15.19 The Early Show, 15.20 The Early Show, 15.21 The Early Show, 15.22 The Early Show, 15.23 The Early Show, 15.24 The Early Show, 15.25 The Early Show, 15.26 The Early Show, 15.27 The Early Show, 15.28 The Early Show, 15.29 The Early Show, 15.30 The Early Show, 15.31 The Early Show, 15.32 The Early Show, 15.33 The Early Show, 15.34 The Early Show, 15.35 The Early Show, 15.36 The Early Show, 15.37 The Early Show, 15.38 The Early Show, 15.39 The Early Show, 15.40 The Early Show, 15.41 The Early Show, 15.42 The Early Show, 15.43 The Early Show, 15.44 The Early Show, 15.45 The Early Show, 15.46 The Early Show, 15.47 The Early Show, 15.48 The Early Show, 15.49 The Early Show, 15.50 The Early Show, 15.51 The Early Show, 15.52 The Early Show, 15.53 The Early Show, 15.54 The Early Show, 15.55 The Early Show, 15.56 The Early Show, 15.57 The Early Show, 15.58 The Early Show, 15.59 The Early Show, 16.00 The Early Show, 16.01 The Early Show, 16.02 The Early Show, 16.03 The Early Show, 16.04 The Early Show, 16.05 The Early Show, 16.06 The Early Show, 16.07 The Early Show, 16.08 The Early Show, 16.09 The Early Show, 16.10 The Early Show, 16.11 The Early Show, 16.12 The Early Show, 16.13 The Early Show, 16.14 The Early Show, 16.15 The Early Show, 16.16 The Early Show, 16.17 The Early Show, 16.18 The Early Show, 16.19 The Early Show, 16.20 The Early Show, 16.21 The Early Show, 16.22 The Early Show, 16.23 The Early Show, 16.24 The Early Show, 16.25 The Early Show, 16.26 The Early Show, 16.27 The Early Show, 16.28 The Early Show, 16.29 The Early Show, 16.30 The Early Show, 16.31 The Early Show, 16.32 The Early Show, 16.33 The Early Show, 16.34 The Early Show, 16.35 The Early Show, 16.36 The Early Show, 16.37 The Early Show, 16.38 The Early Show, 16.39 The Early Show, 16.40 The Early Show, 16.41 The Early Show, 16.42 The Early Show, 16.43 The Early Show, 16.44 The Early Show, 16.45 The Early Show, 16.46 The Early Show, 16.47 The Early Show, 16.48 The Early Show, 16.49 The Early Show, 16.50 The Early Show, 16.51 The Early Show, 16.52 The Early Show, 16.53 The Early Show, 16.54 The Early Show, 16.55 The Early Show, 16.56 The Early Show, 16.57 The Early Show, 16.58 The Early Show, 16.59 The Early Show, 17.00 The Early Show, 17.01 The Early Show, 17.02 The Early Show, 17.03 The Early Show, 17.04 The Early Show, 17.05 The Early Show, 17.06 The Early Show, 17.07 The Early Show, 17.08 The Early Show, 17.09 The Early Show, 17.10 The Early Show, 17.11 The Early Show, 17.12 The Early Show, 17.13 The Early Show, 17.14 The Early Show, 17.15 The Early Show, 17.16 The Early Show, 17.17 The Early Show, 17.18 The Early Show, 17.19 The Early Show, 17.20 The Early Show, 17.21 The Early Show, 17.22 The Early Show, 17.23 The Early Show, 17.24 The Early Show, 17.25 The Early Show, 17.26 The Early Show, 17.27 The Early Show, 17.28 The Early Show, 17.29 The Early Show, 17.30 The Early Show, 17.31 The Early Show, 17.32 The Early Show, 17.33 The Early Show, 17.34 The Early Show, 17.35 The Early Show, 17.36 The Early Show, 17.37 The Early Show, 17.38 The Early Show, 17.39 The Early Show, 17.40 The Early Show, 17.41 The Early Show, 17.42 The Early Show, 17.43 The Early Show, 17.44 The Early Show, 17.45 The Early Show, 17.46 The Early Show, 17.47 The Early Show, 17.48 The Early Show, 17.49 The Early Show, 17.50 The Early Show, 17.51 The Early Show, 17.52 The Early Show, 17.53 The Early Show, 17.54 The Early Show, 17.55 The Early Show, 17.56 The Early Show, 17.57 The Early Show, 17.58 The Early Show, 17.59 The Early Show, 18.00 The Early Show, 18.01 The Early Show, 18.02 The Early Show, 18.03 The Early Show, 18.04 The Early Show, 18.05 The Early Show, 18.06 The Early Show, 18.07 The Early Show, 18.08 The Early Show, 18.09 The Early Show, 18.10 The Early Show, 18.11 The Early Show, 18.12 The Early Show, 18.13 The Early Show, 18.14 The Early Show, 18.15 The Early Show, 18.16 The Early Show, 18.17 The Early Show, 18.18 The Early Show, 18.19 The Early Show, 18.20 The Early Show, 18.21 The Early Show, 18.22 The Early Show, 18.23 The Early Show, 18.24 The Early Show, 18.25 The Early Show, 18.26 The Early Show, 18.27 The Early Show, 18.28 The Early Show, 18.29 The Early Show, 18.30 The Early Show, 18.31 The Early Show, 18.32 The Early Show, 18.33 The Early Show, 18.34 The Early Show, 18.35 The Early Show, 18.36 The Early Show, 18.37 The Early Show, 18.38 The Early Show, 18.39 The Early Show, 18.40 The Early Show, 18.41 The Early Show, 18.42 The Early Show, 18.43 The Early Show, 18.44 The Early Show, 18.45 The Early Show, 18.46 The Early Show, 18.47 The Early Show, 18.48 The Early Show, 18.49 The Early Show, 18.50 The Early Show, 18.51 The Early Show, 18.52 The Early Show, 18.53 The Early Show, 18.54 The Early Show, 18.55 The Early Show, 18.56 The Early Show, 18.57 The Early Show, 18.58 The Early Show, 18.59 The Early Show, 19.00 The Early Show, 19.01 The Early Show, 19.02 The Early Show, 19.03 The Early Show, 19.04 The Early Show, 19.05 The Early Show, 19.06 The Early Show, 19.07 The Early Show, 19.08 The Early Show, 19.09 The Early Show, 19.10 The Early Show, 19.11 The Early Show, 19.12 The Early Show, 19.13 The Early Show, 19.14 The Early Show, 19.15 The Early Show, 19.16 The Early Show, 19.17 The Early Show, 19.18 The Early Show, 19.19 The Early Show, 19.20 The Early Show, 19.21 The Early Show, 19.22 The Early Show, 19.23 The Early Show, 19.24 The Early Show, 19.25 The Early Show, 19.26 The Early Show, 19.27 The Early Show, 19.28 The Early Show, 19.29 The Early Show, 19.30 The Early Show, 19.31 The Early Show, 19.32 The Early Show, 19.33 The Early Show, 19.34 The Early Show, 19.35 The Early Show, 19.36 The Early Show, 19.37 The Early Show, 19.38 The Early Show, 19.39 The Early Show, 19.40 The Early Show, 19.41 The Early Show, 19.42 The Early Show, 19.43 The Early Show, 19.44 The Early Show, 19.45 The Early Show, 19.46 The Early Show, 19.47 The Early Show, 19.48 The Early Show, 19.49 The Early Show, 19





Rwandans returning home after seeing executions yesterday PHOTOGRAPH: BRENNAN LINSLEY

**Alfonso Rojo in Kigali witnesses the public deaths by firing squad of four Rwandans deemed guilty of genocide**

## Justice is revenge in Kigali's bloody arena

IT WAS the woman who took the longest to die. When they brought her out of the pick-up, dressed in pink pyjamas, she had walked slowly to the place of execution. She was barefoot and did not even glance at the crowd which applauded excitedly on recognising her.

Virginia Mukankusi was a school inspector. In 1994, when the genocide that accounted for the lives of more than 500,000 Tutsis began in Rwanda, she became famous in the capital, Kigali, for her extraordinary cruelty. Her killings were usually accompanied by a macabre ritual: she would let her victims beg at length and then, suddenly, when the victim thought he or she was going to be let off, she would order accomplices to cut him or her to pieces.

Like the rest of those facing execution, she neither said a word nor shed a tear. She allowed herself to be tied up roughly and stared into space while she waited for them to cover her head with a black hood. She did not even change expression when they attached a bib with a target in the centre to her chest.

As still as a statue, she spent 10 interminable minutes waiting for the shots to ring out.

The only difference between the woman and the three men shot yesterday in Kigali was that before she died Mukankusi was able to see the hooded face of the policeman who fired off the two coups de grace. Her hood had slipped back and despite the Kalashnikov bullets that had hit her she was still moving her lips when the young, blue-uniformed officer came up to her with a pistol in his hand to finish the job.

The crowd began to shout: "God is good."

There are more than 100,000 people in prison in Rwanda accused of participating in the slaughter four years ago. Only 300 have been tried. Twenty have been acquitted, 194 have been given long prison sentences and 116 have been sentenced to death.

The first 22 were executed yesterday, some in Kigali, others in Nyarutanga, Mubumba, Gikongoro and Gase. All were shot by

firing squad in public.

I was present at the executions in Kigali, seated 20 metres from the four convicted. The spectacle was of the sort one never erases from one's mind.

From early morning thousands of ordinary people began converging on the football ground where the Kigali executions would take place. They were driven by that atavistic fury that goes back to the times when human beings moved in packs and ate raw meat. There were women dressed in their Sunday best, men in suits, beggars, businessmen and children, above all, children.

Armed police and soldiers searched everyone. They had strict orders not to let in anyone with a camera or tape recorder.

There were probably more than 100,000 people. Some had clambered into trees, others on to traffic lights. Most were squashed together, pushing, protesting, dodging the blows of the police in a desperate attempt to get a better view.

Then four pick-ups appeared in the distance. They arrived with their headlights on and it was evident from the clatter of the crowd that they had brought something important. The four vehicles cut through the multitude, did a lap of the pitch and came to a halt before the wooden posts where the executions would take place.

A quarter of an hour passed before the local dignitaries had taken their seats in the first row, the soldiers had found a plastic bag with the ropes and the judges had wrapped themselves in their robes.

After another 15 minutes they brought the first prisoner out of the pick-up and led him to the post on the left. He stretched out his hands voluntarily for them to be tied behind his back. His name was Frouald Karamira and like the two men that followed him, he was a politician of some renown in the previous regime.

The fourth person to get out was Mukankusi. There was no need for her to be pushed or dragged to the stake. So that the body should not crumple, those that are to die

by firing squad tend to be tied tightly to the post. Each of the four yesterday was lashed with five lengths of rope: one at the wrists, another round the chest, another round the waist, a fourth at the level of the groin and yet another below the knees. It took a few minutes more for the bag with the black hoods to appear. A soldier was put in charge of placing them over the heads of the prisoners.

Another soldier arrived with white bibs, in the centre of which had been painted a black square. Helped by another soldier he put them on the four, making sure the target was centred on each prisoner's breastbone. All that was lacking was the firing squad. But several minutes went past. And nothing happened.

The crowd was growing impatient when two white four-wheel drive vehicles arrived on one side of the field. At first, no one paid any attention. Then, suddenly, the doors opened and five young men wearing the blue uniform of the municipal police tore out of them with black masks over their faces and Kalashnikovs in their hands. They headed quickly for the stakes and, when they were a metre away, opened fire. Their semi-automatic weapons were in single-shot mode. They began with the man on the left. Each of the hooded policemen pulled the trigger a couple of times at close range, then ran to do the same with the next prisoner along.

The entire disturbing and alarming operation lasted barely 10 seconds. Immediately afterwards the head of the squad, who also had his face hidden, appeared with an automatic pistol and finished off the prisoners, not with a shot to the back of the head, the way you see in the films, but from the front, in the middle of the face or at the top of the head.

The spectators, who up to then had been silent, anxious and expectant, went wild. Many of them ran to the stakes to see the blood close up, others shrank and screamed and the whole affair began to take on the air of a festival.

"Justice has been done. But it is not enough," a man with a long scar on his face said. "It would have been better to cut off their fingers one by one and then kill them slowly the way they killed our children."

A girl, who said she was the only survivor of a family of 15 murdered in 1994, said she would carry on seeing executions until she could see the death of the man that cut her parents' throats.

"He was a neighbour of mine and it was he who organised the others and looted my house," she said.

The Rwandan president, Pasteur Bizimungu, whose government had rejected appeals for clemency from the Pope, Amnesty International and several foreign governments, has emphasised that the executions are intended only as a "lesson" to those that kill the innocent.

"We are not sadists," he said. "But it is necessary for justice to be done."

In the butchery that began in April 1994 the army, Hutu militias and tens of thousands of enthusiastic Hutu civilians threw themselves into an orgy of killing that lasted for three months. The massacre ended only when Tutsi rebels seized power.

Yesterday's 22 executions were the first to take place in Rwanda since the new government brought in "swift" trials 18 months ago. Both the procedure and the defendants' scant rights have been criticised by international organisations. The Kigali government has defended itself, the trials and executions, arguing that neither the United Nations nor the international community did anything to prevent the slaughter in 1994.

The UN, which has set up its own court in Tanzania to judge those suspected of genocide, has yet to deliver a single verdict.

Alfonso Rojo is a correspondent for El Mundo of Madrid



Frouald Karamira, former vice-president of the Hutu extremist Democratic Republican Movement, at his trial in Kigali three months ago. He was one of 22 people executed yesterday PHOTOGRAPH: CORINNE DUFKA

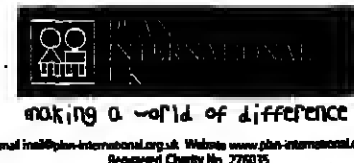
## Sponsor a child and make a difference

Sami is only 5 years old, but his future already looks bleak. He has to fight for everything - food, a place to sleep, even a simple drink of water.

The heartbreaking fact is that there are millions of other children in the developing world just like Sami. But you can make a real difference.

By sponsoring a child through PLAN, one of the world's leading development charities, you can help us provide them and their community with whatever they need most - from clean water to a school or safe place to live. In return, you can build a rewarding relationship with your sponsored child through letters, photos and progress reports.

For more information about child sponsorship, complete the coupon below or call 0800 1389 130.



Share in the joy of child sponsorship with PLAN International. Request your free information pack now!

**0800 1389 130**

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms/Other (Please delete) \_\_\_\_\_  
Surname \_\_\_\_\_ Forename(s) \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Postcode \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone No. \_\_\_\_\_

Return this coupon to: PLAN International UK, FREEPOST, 5-6 Underhill Street, LONDON NW1 0YJ.

### A violent history

**1990:** Tutsi exiles lead a well-equipped rebel army into the predominantly Hutu country from Uganda and seize a portion of Rwanda.

**1992:** Maj Gen Juvenal Habyarimana, who gained power in 1973 by overthrowing civilian president Gregoire Kayibanda, gives Cabinet posts to opposition parties and talks to rebels.

**1993:** In August both sides agree to a power-sharing arrangement and an integrated army.

**1994:** Habyarimana dies in a mysterious plane crash and Hutu hardliners blame the Tutsis. More than 500,000 Tutsis are killed. The Rwandan rebel army conquers the country, triggering a flood of 1 million Hutus to Zaire. Thousands die of hunger and disease.



Rwandans place skulls of Tutsis into bags after a memorial service in 1995 for around 12,000 people massacred by Hutu militia in the Kibumba area PHOTOGRAPH: CORINNE DUFKA

**1995:** Exiled Hutus in the refugee camps in eastern Zaire join Zairians in attacking local ethnic Tutsis. Zaire orders the Tutsis out.

**1996:** Ethnic Tutsis drive the Zairian army out and hundreds of thousands of Hutu refugees from Rwanda flee deeper into Zaire.

Foreign aid agencies pull out. **1997:** Hutus begin new killings.



"A deputy prime minister is shot outside his mistress's flat, a serial killer terrifies the Mons area near Nato headquarters, mysterious gangs machine gun super market shoppers - these are just the more outrageous of unsolved crimes in Belgium" Martin Woollacott

**Comment page 8**



# No confidence vote over sex fiend's escape

Humiliated government of Belgium in turmoil

Stephen Bates in Brussels

**B**ELGIUM was in deep shock last night and its government was facing crisis as Belgians absorbed the news that its most notorious criminal this century, the child abductor, rapist and alleged murderer Marc Dutroux, had been allowed to escape from custody.

Police incompetence allowed Dutroux to slip through an open door for three hours on Thursday. He had been left unhandcuffed in the charge of just one officer at a country courthouse in the small town of Neufchâteau in south-east Belgium.

Jean-Luc Dehaene's coalition government faces a vote of no confidence in the Belgian parliament next Tuesday in the wake of near-universal criticism and ridicule. Vigils and demonstrations were being organised last night outside courts across the country over the way Dutroux, supposedly the most heavily guarded man in the country, managed to give his captors the slip.

Mr Dehaene's administration is rocking despite the resignation of the interior and justice ministers, with even its own supporters voicing dismay. King Albert II cut short a holiday in the south of France to fly home.

At the government struggled to regain credibility, Jean Van de Lanotte, the former interior minister, issued an apology to relatives of Dutroux's alleged victims.

Paul Tant, secretary of Mr Dehaene's Christian Democratic party, admitted: "We look like dirt. This is acceptable to me."

Louis Vanvelthoven, leader of the government-supporting socialists, said: "No one in this country believed Dutroux could escape. This is the unimpeachable slip in the face of the nation."

Dutroux, who is awaiting trial charged with the abduction and murder of two teenage girls and two eight-year-olds, the murder of an associate, and the abduction of two other teenagers, was at large for more than three hours following his escape. He has a previous conviction for abduction and rape.

He made off after being taken to the court to look at

pre-trial papers. Dutroux stole the gendarme's gun and hijacked a passing car, only being recaptured when he was spotted by a forest ranger in nearby woodland after his car stuck in mud.

Police later conceded his gun would not have fired since weapons are routinely disabled before officers escort prisoners to court. Lawyers have pointed out that escape from custody is not an offence under Belgian law.

Dutroux's lawyer, Julian Pierre, expressed astonishment that his client could be so easily allowed to escape. "Why didn't they copy the papers and take them for him to study in prison?"

Dutroux's mother, Jeanine, who has disowned her son, said: "It is unbelievable that he was being watched in such a relaxed way."

Yesterday's national papers claimed Belgium had become a laughing-stock.

Thomas Tindemans, a political consultant and son of a former prime minister, said: "This is a devastating blow. We are not just talking about a split but whether there is a government in this country at all."

We seem to be at the same level as one of those African countries incapable of governing itself. "This is a national humiliation and people feel betrayed. There is no sympathy whatsoever for the government. Dehaene's great strength has always been his ability to build a coalition of support here but he is in very serious trouble now."

There are fears that the crisis could exacerbate the long-standing divisions between Belgium's French and Flemish populations. The two ministers who resigned are both Flemish, taking responsibility for shortcomings among French-speaking police.

The motion of no confidence has been called by the opposition Liberal-conservative party, whose leaders admit privately that their chances of success will depend heavily on the strength of public demonstrations this weekend.

The coalition, whose term of office still has more than a year to run, has a majority of 14 over right-wing parties. Its support is known that they would be wiped out at an election in the current climate of opinion.

Mr Dehaene is likely to appeal for survival at a critical time, just days before Belgium is expected to qualify to join the first wave in the European single currency at next week's EU summit in Brussels.

Martin Woolcott, page 8

Activists relaxed about Dounreay

# Locals resigned to nuclear cargo

Lawrence Dounreay

**I**T WAS a very quiet end to a very big fuss. Just before 11am yesterday the world's most infamous five kilograms of nuclear material completed its journey from Georgia to Dounreay, bringing an end to days of hyperbole and headlines which had left many on this northerly tip of Scotland shaking their heads in disbelief.

"I'm very surprised that so much has been made of this. It's probably because there's so little else happening, except, I suppose, poor Linda McCartney," said an incredulous Lorraine Mann.

Ms Mann's words may sound like the soothing spin of a nuclear industry spokesman. In fact, she is the co-ordinator of an organisation called Scotland Against Nuclear Dumping.

Scotland may indeed be against "nuclear dumping", but there were precious few Scots within view of the Dounreay plant yesterday who appeared to be against this particular shipment from the former Soviet Union, moved as part of the effort to reduce the threat of nuclear terrorism.

"We have to start from first principles and ask ourselves, does this stuff need to come out of Georgia?" Ms Mann said. "There is no body of opinion saying that it doesn't need to come out. That being the case, it is not morally tenable to say that it must not come here. We think it has to go somewhere and, on that basis, there is no reason that it should not go to Dounreay."

These views are at odds with those of the principal environmental groups such as Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth in London, who issued blanket condemnations of the deal brokered be-

tween Britain, the US and Georgia and who paraded outside Downing Street in red boiler suits and waving banners earlier this week.

There were no boiler suits and no banners in evidence as the material arrived at Dounreay on the back of two slow-moving container lorries after a five-hour drive from the RAF base at Kinloss, where it was flown in by the US Air Force.

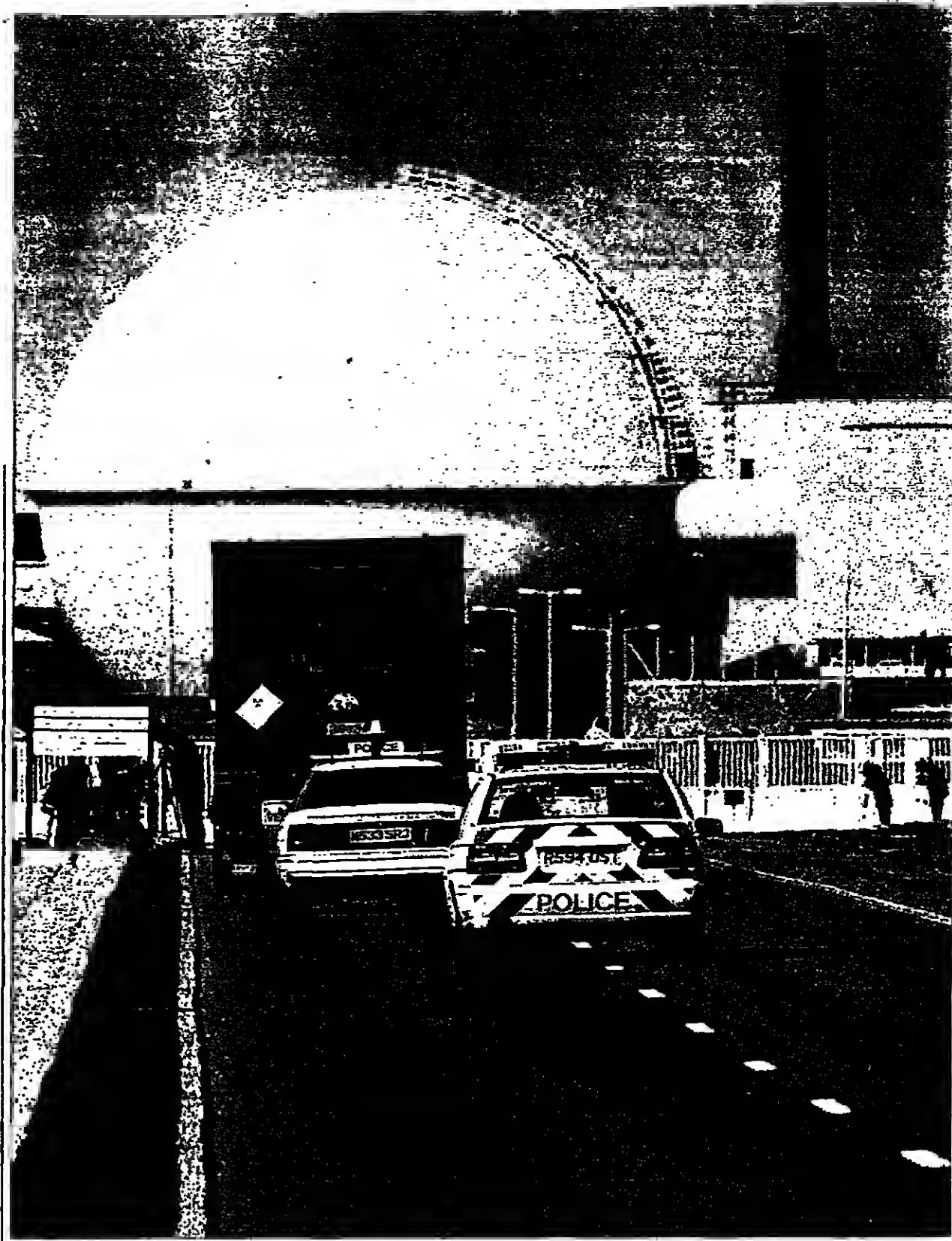
Most people in Caithness have lived with Dounreay for 40 years now and have picked up enough knowledge about the risks presented by nuclear material to see beyond the headlines.

"Certainly, when you live next to something — anything — you tend not to notice it after a while," said Maurice Pottinger, who sold the 45 acres of land on which Dounreay was built in the mid-1950s and who still farms around its perimeter. "This stuff won't make any difference to my life. In relation to what's already being handled at Dounreay it is a very small amount. I'm not biased, it's just that there's never been a problem."

"The vast majority of people who have worked at Dounreay and then retired have continued to live around these parts — these are qualified, scientific people and you would have thought that if there was a danger to health they would have scurried as quickly as possible," Mr Pottinger said.

His intransigence was echoed by fellow farmer Addie Gunn. "Doesn't bother me. My father did everything from the land around this place — potatoes, milk that was supposed to be contaminated, the lot, and it didn't do him any harm — he lived to be 86."

This is not to say that everyone in Caithness is in favour of the activities inside Dounreay's perimeter fence.



Police escort the two lorries ferrying the nuclear material into Dounreay

PHOTOGRAPH: MURDO MACLEOD

A referendum three years ago — paid for by an anti-nuclear group and run by the Electoral Reform Trust — found that two thirds of those who voted did not approve of plans to reprocess nuclear fuel from the United States at the Scottish plant.

Lorraine Mann insisted there was a huge amount of unspoken opposition to Dounreay, particularly over its attempts to attract "reprocessing contracts" from around the world.

"The previous government was allowing Doun-

reay's management to go around trying to tie up contracts to reprocess thousands of kilograms of this stuff, not from Eastern Bloc countries which were in no position to handle such dangerous material but from First World countries which could and

should be expected to do so," she said. "There are many people up here who are deeply opposed to dumping in Scotland, but who are scared to go public. I have heard of many instances of people being told they would lose their jobs if they spoke out."

# Video recalls suicide protest against Bosnia

Graham Bamford's self-sacrifice still divides political opinion. David Ward spoke to his father

**F**IVE years after his son's agonising self-sacrifice, George Bamford will tomorrow steel himself to go to a church hall in Macleod, Cheshire, for the first screening of a video telling of the events leading up to his son's death in 1993.

On April 29 that year, Graham Bamford, aged 48, walked across the lawn in the centre of Parliament Square in London and laid a few posies, including his passport and an explanatory message, in a neat pile. Then, as MPs debated the war in Bosnia in the nearby House of Commons, he poured petrol over himself and struck a match.

He was airlifted to hospital but died of his burns, having made the ultimate protest against a civil war in which the innocent had suffered most.

"I'm proud of him for trying to change the course of events," said Mr Bamford. "I have no doubt about Graham's courage. But no one wants to see his son die like that."

Graham Bamford's death has slipped from the public memory. But most years, a small group gathers in Parliament Square on April 29 in silent tribute.

Promoters of his cause have prepared a plaque but have

nowhere to fix it this year they will meet in the Commons on Tuesday for the second public screening of the video, Graham and I, made by the Croatian film director Nenad Pubovsk.

In it, friends tell of a "very private, very gentle man" who deeply loved the daughter of his failed marriage to a woman he met in Japan.

Martin Bell, the reporter turned MP, says that Graham Bamford's despair was shared

'Graham Bamford's despair was shared by British soldiers and journalists in Bosnia'

by British soldiers and journalists in Bosnia. Paddy Ashdown claims that Bamford understood better than politicians how Western nations failed the people of Bosnia.

The film compares Bamford's unremembered death with that of Jan Palach, who set fire to himself in protest at the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and is now revered as a national hero.

Palach's death, suggests Mr Ashdown, was in accord with

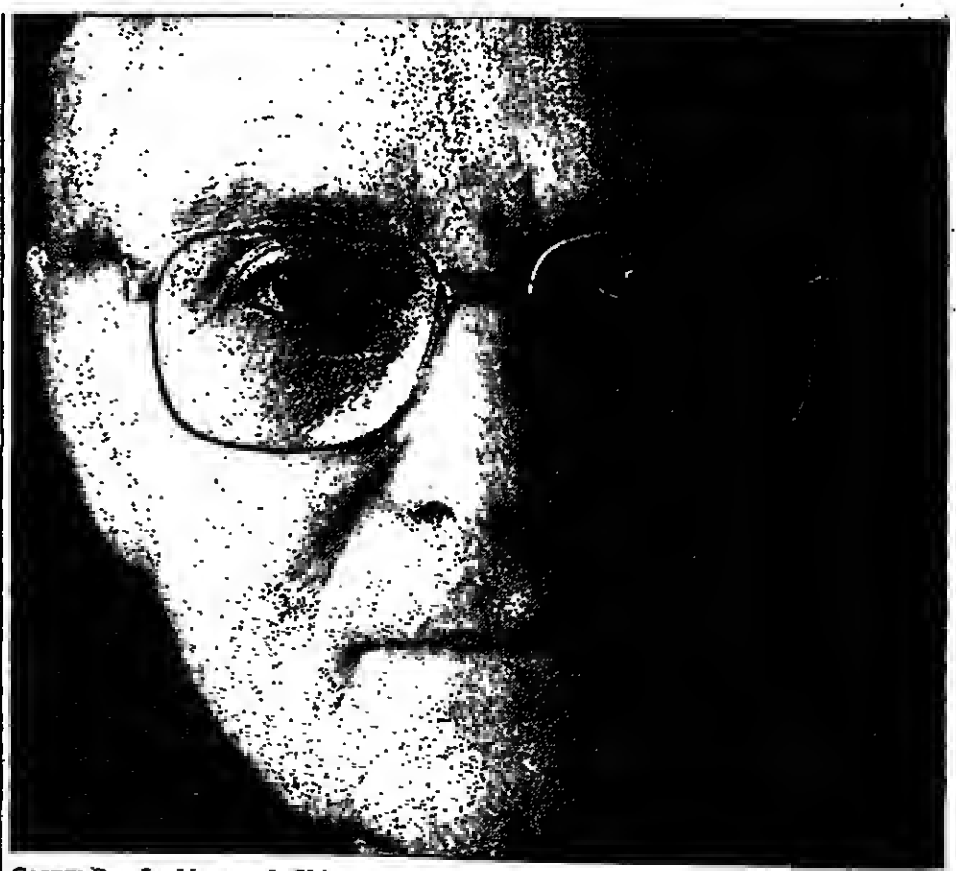
Western political opinion; Bamford's was an "embarrassing challenge". Sir Patrick Cormack, Conservative MP for Staffordshire South and former chairman of the all-party Bosnia committee in the Commons, calls it "a mistake gesture".

Following his son's death, Mr Bamford and his wife Audrey, who has since died, received many letters from all over the country but not one from an MP of any party. "I don't think they want to know about it," he said.

Mr Bamford, a retired architect, spends many hours thinking about his son and re-reading his airmail letters and postcards bearing miniature essays in a tiny script. "The act was so unlike Graham. He was so thoughtful and so gentle a lad. Why should he have chosen such a violent death? I could only think he was so desperate that he felt it was the only thing that would make some impression on the MPs on the day they were debating Bosnia."

The story, he adds, could have been so different because only weeks before his death, his son had written to many aid agencies offering his skills as a truck driver on relief convoys.

"Apart from donating £350 to Christian Aid's Cambodian Appeal almost 20 years ago, I have stood idly by and watched disaster overtake the defenceless people of India, China and the Horn of Africa," Graham Bamford wrote in his letter. "A recent photograph in the FT, of a distressed little Balkan girl



George Bamford is proud of his son

PHOTOGRAPH: CHRISTOPHER THOMAS

about the age of my own daughter has galvanised me into action.

"The commitments which conveniently justified inertia no longer subsist and the time for prevarication is past. With the march of the seasons, the sense of urgency be-

comes acute. I place myself at the disposal of your organisation."

The agencies ignored the seven-page letter written on lined sheets from an A4 pad. Mr Bamford chose not to appear in the video, preferring to let others speak about

his son. "I also had this thought at the back of my mind that if I had been given the opportunity to talk to Graham afterwards, he would have said something like: 'I have done everything that is required to be done. There is nothing required from you.'"

# Embattled police chief agrees to go

Lucy Paton

**C**ONTROVERSIAL chief constable Ian Oliver last night bowed to the inevitable and announced his resignation from his force after repeated calls for him to go.

Dr Oliver, head of the Aberdeen-based Grampian force, tendered his resignation which will take effect on May 24, his lawyer Niall Scott said.

He said the chief constable was "very pleased" that the local police board, Pat Chalmers, has apologised for remarks he previously made.

Calls for Dr Oliver's head came after a damning report into his force's handling of the murder of nine-year-old Aberdeen schoolboy Scott Simpson by convicted paedophile Steven Leisk.

Donald Dewar, the Scottish Secretary, told him to "pack his bags and go."

The lawyer said the chief constable was not going early. He would be "stepping down on June 1 with

the date of retirement being August 31."

George Mathers, the solicitor for Scott's parents, Denis and Patsy, said the couple had been forewarned of Dr Oliver's resignation yesterday afternoon. "Denis said that when it happened he would feel an enormous sense of relief," said Mr Mathers.

Vice-convenor of the police board, Jurgen Thomaneck, said that deputy chief constable David Beattie would be acting in Dr Oliver's position. He said that five people had been shortlisted for the appointment of new chief constable.

SNP leader Alex Salmond said he was pleased to hear of Dr Oliver's resignation, which would mark "a much-needed fresh start for Grampian Police."

Mr Salmond said: "I am glad [he] has resigned at long last. He should have gone before now. His departure is the start of restoring public confidence and officer morale within Grampian Police."

"It has been an unedifying spectacle with Dr Oliver hanging on by his fingernails over recent weeks, and I am pleased that the whole sorry saga has finally been brought to an end."

# Bob Dylan to head for Glastonbury

Dan Glatzer

**A**MID more than usual speculation this year — much of it on the Internet — the organisers of the Glastonbury pop festival have decided to break with tradition and reveal the full line-up of artists.

The big news is that Blur will be headlining the main stage on the Saturday night. The group has expended considerable energy in recent weeks denying rumours that they were playing Glastonbury. Joining them will be Tori Amos, Stereophonics and Robbie Williams.

But it is Sunday night on the main stage which has the most intriguing bill. Before Bob Dylan — making his Glastonbury debut — takes the stage to close the festival, the Medieval Baebes will strut their liturgy stuff. It could be enough to turn the Pope's favourite singer into an atheist.

Among those sharing the Pyramid stage will be Pulp, Steve Earle, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, Tony Bennett, Sonic Youth and Space. On Friday night new folkie Ben Harper will join new roots man Finley Quaye and veterans James and the Lightning Seeds.

# Postie petrified as jail no bar to killer's FT threats

Rory Carroll

**I**NTERNATIONAL high finance never quite grabbed the residents of South Littleton, Worcestershire, and their village postmistress has paid the price.

More used to selling tabloids, Berenice Higgett, aged 64, was unable to obtain a copy of the Financial Times for an eager customer who subsequently phoned repeatedly to complain, instigating legal action and terrified her.

Denzil Walker, aged 50, was furious — and Mrs Higgett knew he was calling from Long Lartin prison, where he was serving life for the murder of a woman. Walker, a backpacker whose naked body was found with teeth marks on her breasts matching his dentures.

The film compares Bamford's unremembered death with that of Jan Palach, who set fire to himself in protest at the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and is now revered as a national hero.

mother at Evesham county court last September. But a judge dismissed the action. Walker then issued another at Worcester county court, and that also failed.

The case arose after officials at Long Lartin, a mile from Mrs Higgett's post office shop, relayed a request for the paper. She had supplied newspapers to the prison for 14 years but could not get a copy of the FT, prompting a series of calls from Walker.

"I just did not believe that he could be calling from a prison. He kept demanding to know where his papers were," Mrs Higgett said he was aggressive and swore.

"It was very frightening. You get scared in the middle of the night with a crank call but this is worse. It is totally wrong, 100 per cent wrong."

Walker, a market trader from Hull, was a drifter who fantasised about seducing women on a yacht when he advertised for a crew to sail with him to Malta. Julie Clayton, aged 27, an Australian member of a Christian sect

who had taken a vow of celibacy, agreed — not knowing he did not own a seaworthy boat. He drugged her and tried to have sex but she died from an overdose. Her beaten, dehydrated body was found in a ditch in Colshy, Lincolnshire.

A prison service spokesman yesterday said that Walker, who was sentenced to life in November 1995, had been moved to another jail since his case against Mrs Higgett collapsed.

Inmates at Long Lartin have launched 10 lawsuits in the last year. Most complaints, including a confiscated cigar and a wrong meal, were heard inside the prison to save money.

Peter Luff, Mid Worcestershire Tory MP, said the inmates were pioneering frivolous legal action from behind bars. "Obviously it's a fun way for them to make trouble. Loopholes need to be closed."

صلى الله عليه وسلم





The scene of the killing, outside a pub in south London

# Court reopens murder mystery

Duncan Campbell  
Crime Correspondent

**A** MAN accused nine years ago of murdering a south London private detective yesterday won an admission from police that he should not have been charged. The settlement of his case reopens controversy over one of the last decade's most puzzling unsolved killings.

Paul Goodridge, aged 47, a security consultant from Kent, was charged in February 1989 with the murder of Daniel Morgan. The private eye had been killed with an axe blow to the head in the car park of the Golden Lion pub in Sydenham, south London, in March 1987.



Paul Goodridge, who police said yesterday should never have been charged PHOTOGRAPH: ROY FLEY



Private eye victim Daniel Morgan, found with an axe in his skull PHOTOGRAPH: ISOBEL HULSMAN

Mr Goodridge was remanded in custody after his arrest but released on bail two weeks later. The Director of Public Prosecutions discontinued the prosecution against him in May 1989. In 1992, he began a civil action against Hampshire police, who had reinvestigated the murder after allegations made to the Police Complaints Authority of police involvement in the death. Their inquiry led to Mr Goodridge being charged.

Yesterday at Winchester high court, in an agreed statement, it was said that Hampshire police accepted that the charge had been brought against Mr Goodridge "without reasonable and probable cause", and that there was no basis for a belief that he was involved in the murder. In turn, Mr Goodridge accepted that Hampshire police had not been motivated by malice. No damages were paid.

After the hearing, Mr Goodridge said in a statement: "For nine years I have been branded a murderer. No one can imagine what this had done to myself and my family. I also think about the Morgan family who are still waiting 11 years later for the case to be reopened. 'The police have not heard the last of this,' he said.

"I want my brother's killer apprehended and a public inquiry along the lines of the Stephen Lawrence murder inquiry into the way the police have handled the case from the very start."

Alistair Morgan has had meetings with senior Scotland Yard officers about the case. Chris Smith, the Culture Secretary, who is his MP, has also raised the issue with Scotland Yard. But the full story of how and why Daniel Morgan met his death has still to emerge.

worked in a south London detective agency which employed off-duty police officers. According to his brother, he had been unhappy about events at the firm and there were indications he intended to go public with his concerns. Then on March 10, 1987, he was found in the pub car park with an axe embedded in his head as far as the blade would go. The handle of the axe had been bound with Elastoplast to hide fingerprints. His 5800 Rolex watch was missing but £1,000 was found in his pocket.

## Lights go out for man found guilty of charging up illegally

Sarah Hall

**W**HEN Ian Tordoff wanted electricity for his home and business, he decided to dispense with the orthodox method of contacting the electricity board — and go straight to the supply.

hours to find he had illegally used electricity between June 1, 1994, and March 21, 1997, and damaged property belonging to Yorkshire Electricity. The judge, Assistant Recorder Jennifer Kershaw QC, granted him conditional bail while pre-sentence reports were prepared. His solicitor, Peter Robertshaw, yesterday said his client, who was accompanied by his wife Mavis and 15-year-old son, would be discussing the possibility of an appeal. "We are obviously disappointed with the verdicts and are considering our position at the moment," he said.

## Harmony forum founders over party divisions

John Mullin  
Ireland Correspondent

**I**T MET for the 71st and last time yesterday. John Major's Big Idea was co-signed to Northern Ireland's political dustbin, and, as its members gathered for a final photograph, few were wearing over what was dubbed the Fisher Price Parliament.

Even the UK Unionists, all three of them, decided to quit last September. Aside from the five small parties, Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party and David Trimble's Ulster Unionist were left to bolster at one another across the specially built mauve and pine chamber.

said yesterday: "They had hatred, bigotry and contempt for people." The forum was granted powers, neither administrative, legislative nor executive. Aside from the Friday plenary sessions, it split into six committees. They met on Thursdays, netting members who attended another £100. Plus expenses.

forwarded to the Northern Ireland Office. Six completed yesterday included the memorable study on willow biomass and renewable energy. Hugh Smyth, of the Progressive Unionist Party, said: "After the early walkouts, it was difficult here. There was nobody else to fight, so we had to fight among ourselves."

rammed a much larger German patrol and forced their surrender. An affable bloke with the impressive pencil moustache of a bygone era, Mr Gorman admitted he was disappointed by the ridicule which had been heaped on the forum. There had been some terrible bickering, but most of the time there was "wonderful harmony".

**The Guardian Travel Shop**  
Money's Garden

March 1998

To: Brightwater Holidays Ltd, Eden Park House, Cupar, Fife, KY15 4HS

Please send me full details of the following:

☐ Money's Garden

☐ How many times a week do you buy the Guardian?

☐ How many times a month do you buy the Observer?

☐ Please tick this box if you do NOT wish to receive details of other offers from the Guardian or other organisations approved by The Guardian

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

**01334 657155**

**The Guardian**

One of the most excruciating of middle English impostures is the affectation of enthusiasm for foreign ways, especially French.

Howard Jacobson in Paris

**Saturday page 13**

**society**

Every Wednesday in the

**The Guardian**

**BT just made the world cheaper.**

USA 12p  
CANADA 12p  
AUSTRALIA 22p  
SOUTH AFRICA 38p  
SRI LANKA 56p  
REP. IRELAND 11p  
SWEDEN 13p  
FRANCE 13p  
JAPAN 31p  
INDIA 56p

**Now choose from 100 countries.**

For just £1 per country per month, our new Country Calling Plans give you 25% off calls to that country. Together with our Friends & Family and PremierLine discounts, you could save 43% on up to 6 nominated numbers.

**BT It's good to talk**

Call us NOW on 0800 001 800 for your Country Calling Plans.

CHOOSE UP TO 6 CALLING PLANS FROM 100 COUNTRIES. PREMIERLINE COSTS 35p PER QUARTER AND IS RECOMMENDED FOR CUSTOMERS WITH CALL BILLS OVER £45 PER QUARTER. MINIMUM CHARGE 5p PER CALL. PRICES QUOTED ARE BT'S WEEKEND RATE PER MINUTE. NOT AVAILABLE ON BT CHARGECARD CALLS.





Israel at 50

Palestinian refugees are a reminder of the hollowness of the claim that Israel was created by 'a people without a land in a land without people'

David Sharrock reports from Amari refugee camp, Ramallah



An old woman wanders through the squalor of Amari refugee camp, still home to many thousands of Palestinians who fled their homes when the state of Israel was created in 1948

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON MCPHEE

## Rootless but not hopeless

**M**AHMOUD Najjar walks with a limp, a gift from the Israel Defence Force. A child of the intifada, he was born half way through the 50 years of statehood which Israel is now celebrating. Although he has never been there, he knows where he comes from but has no idea where he is going.

Mahmoud is one of 3.4 million Palestinians registered with the United Nations as refugees, scattered across the West Bank, Gaza, Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, who have been swept along on the tide of misery which coursed through their land in 1948 when the neighbouring Arab nations attacked the newborn land of Israel and were resoundingly defeated.

The Palestinian refugees are a constant reminder of the hollowness of the claim by Israel's founding fathers that the Jews who came to British-mandated Palestine were "a people without a land" who created their state on "a land without people".

Today Mahmoud lives in Amari, a camp of 7,000 people near Ramallah, inside the Palestinian-controlled fragment of the West Bank. The families, like Mahmoud's, are mostly '48 refugees, as they call themselves, not the later wave who fled in the Six Day war of 1967.

He knows all about the village where he should have grown up, even though Beit Afq, near the modern Israeli town of Ashkelon on the Mediterranean coast, no longer exists. "My family did go back once but... it had all been destroyed," says Mahmoud.

**Mahmoud has an intimate knowledge of a place and a life he has never known**

"But that doesn't stop them talking about it all the time." Mahmoud has an intimate knowledge of a place and a life he has never known, of Beit Afq's families and their relationships, its fields and festive occasions, of what made people laugh and cry.

The identity card he carries, issued by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestinian Refugees in the Near East, is a badge of pride but an albatross around his neck. While it seems to promise exile may one day end, it marks him out from other West Bank citizens.

"Our status is different now. In the intifada we were the heroes — the camp dwellers always fought hardest. We had less to lose," he says. But Mahmoud lost the ability to walk properly. His hip was smashed by Israeli soldiers wielding staves and batons.

He wanders Amari on a crutch and salutes a similarly handicapped friend. "We used to laugh even more about it back then," he smiles ruefully. "If you saw a teenage boy who wasn't on crutches you'd ask him: 'What happened to you?'"

The intifada is no more than a memory now, though many like Mahmoud long for its return. "As a refugee now you get treated as if you are less than others, in terms of education, living conditions, even the way people look at you... I'm talking about other Palestinians."

"The Legislative Council talks a lot about refugees, but only about improving living conditions in the camps, not about going home any more... Nothing has changed for the refugees. The camps are being

absorbed. Nobody at the official level talks about us going back. It's like: 'Let's even try to forget about our memory.'"

In some respects life inside Amari has improved. Roads have been paved and the camp has been connected to Ramallah's water and sewage system. But tension is rising between the camps and the Palestinian Authority. And cuts in UNWRA's £120 million budget have left gaps that Hamas, the militant Islamist group, is filling with its blend of welfare, politics and religion.

Mahmoud wonders how long Yasser Arafat can hold it all together. "Arafat as an individual is okay because most people still see him as the revolutionary leader rather than the head of the Palestinian Authority. And Fatah [Arafat's party] is still stronger than Hamas, because it brings benefits like jobs, money and not getting hassled. But I'm afraid of what's going to happen because you are talking about 17 different security agencies."

"A few months ago it was only 16 but now there's another. The alternative to the PA is Hamas and it's scary to think there may be a civil war here, either between the agencies or between Hamas and the agencies."

Mahmoud's fighting days are behind him. He is studying psychology at the Bir Zeit university but has no idea what comes next. He admits he would like to go to the United States.

It is not an unusual ambition yet it leaves him looking a little shamefaced. There he could get treatment for his hip.

But there seems no escape for him. Last month he was invited to a conference in Greece but Israeli authorities turned down his request for an exit visa.

Condemned to live in the refugees' parallel worlds — someone else's past and the ugly present — Mahmoud draws strength, perversely, from his own rootless status. "So long as there is at least a memory of the land I'm sure it will change in the future."

"I want to be a refugee, because, if I could give it up, it would mean that I have no right to return home. It would solve the Israelis' problem, even if right now they behave as if they don't have a problem. And at least I keep this memory alive."

"It's not like your own memory, it's a national memory. It gives me more energy even if it often seems to keep me in a prison. I will always try to keep it. The reality of here and now is one issue. But there is something beyond reality."

### 20% DEPOSIT.

### 0% FINANCE OVER 3 YEARS.

### 100% CHUFFED.



#### Brava ELX

- Remote control central locking and alarm.
- Power steering. • ABS (1.8 ELX only).
- Electric sunroof and mirrors.
- 6 speaker radio-cassette.
- Heated seats.
- Brava range from £11,385.

Finance Examples	Brava 1.4i	Brava 1.8 ELX (Metallic)
Cash Price*	£11,384.50	£15,125.71
Deposit	£2,276.50	£3,029.71
Deposit %	20%	20%
Amount Financed	£9,108.00	£12,096.00
36 Monthly Repayments	£253.00	£336.00
Total Amount Payable	£11,384.50	£15,125.71
APR %	0.0%	0.0%

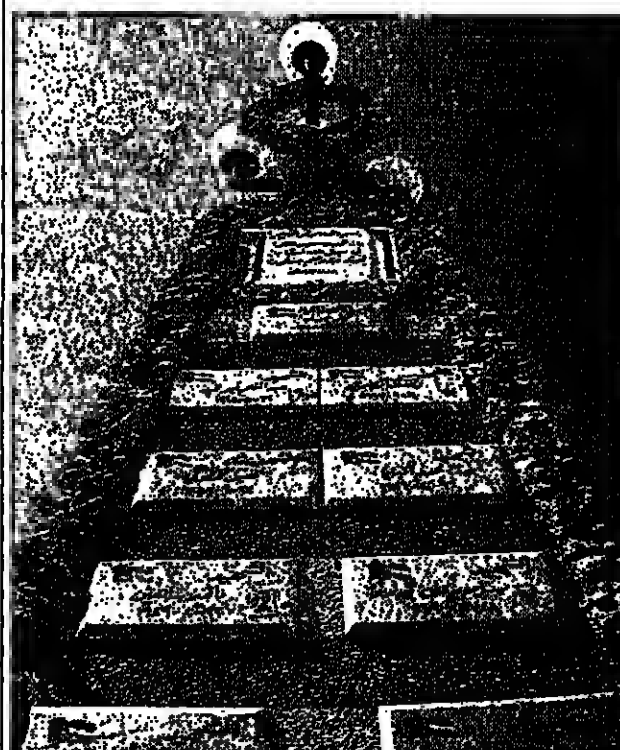
Money can't buy happiness. But, for a mere 20% deposit, it can buy "lashings of Italian style." The Times adds, "Nor are the eye-catching looks confined to the outside." (THE TIMES 17/5/97.)

Call 0800 71 7000, <http://www.fiat.co.uk> or visit your local Fiat dealer for more information.

**FIAT**

#### FIAT BRAVA

\*CAR SHOWN FIAT BRAVA 1.8 ELX AT £15,125.71 ON THE ROAD (WITH METALLIC PAINT). PRICE INCLUDES £645 FOR DELIVERY TO DEALER, NUMBER PLATES, VAT, 12 MONTHS ROAD FUND LICENCE AND £25 VEHICLE REGISTRATION FEE. PRICES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS 16/4/98. OFFER ENDS 31/5/98. ON FINANCE OFFER REQUIRES A MINIMUM DEPOSIT OF 20% AVAILABLE TO ANYONE AGED 18 AND OVER SUBJECT TO STATUS. THIS OFFER CANNOT BE USED IN CONJUNCTION WITH ANY OTHER OFFER. A GUARANTEE AND/OR INDEMNITY MAY BE REQUIRED. WRITTEN QUOTATIONS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST FROM FIAT AUTO FINANCIAL SERVICES LIMITED, PO BOX 17009, EDINBURGH EH12 5YW.



The memorial in Amari on the West Bank to Palestinians killed in the intifada and other fighting

### BRAIN TUMOURS THE FORGOTTEN CANCER

UKBTS needs your support. Come and see us at the Cosmo Show, Earls Court, from 30th April - 4th May or if you can't make it, please send a donation.

Sophie Dahl will open our stand (244) on the Gala Preview Evening on Thursday 30th April.

**UKBTS**

THE UK BRAIN TUMOUR SOCIETY  
RESEARCH, EDUCATION AND SUPPORT FOR BRAIN TUMOUR SUFFERERS

REGISTERED CHARITY No. 1060338  
BAC HOUSE, BONEHURST ROAD,  
HORLEY, SURREY RH4 8QG  
01293 781479

صكنا من الامل

Time takes

GO DIRECT  
DO NOT CO

GO

CAR - 5 ADULTS  
£75

SWAN  
FREEPHO



# Duma does it Yeltsin's way on new PM

James Meek in Moscow

**T**HE GLASNOST generation came within a breath of taking control of Russia yesterday when 35-year-old Sergei Kiriyenko, too young to remember Stalin and still a teenager when Brezhnev died, was confirmed as prime minister.

Despite his success in getting 26 votes more than he needed in the Russian parliament, the former banker looked pale and ill at ease as he thanked deputies: he is burdened with the boundless hopes of a ravaged Russia — and with the possibility that if the unwell president, Boris Yeltsin, should breathe his last, he will become acting head of state.

He is equally aware that he is beholden to a president who subjected the opposition-dominated parliament (the Duma) to shameful pressure in trying to force deputies to approve him on a third ballot after a month of bluster and posturing. The alternative was dissolution of the Duma and new elections.

Having smothered the much smaller prime minister in his bosom in a joyful hug after the vote, Mr Yeltsin reminded him who his patron would like to hit Mr Yavlinsky on his "loathsome, repulsive face". It was a fit-

ting low for a day that will seal parliament's reputation in the eyes of much of the electorate as a bought, self-obsessed body incapable of wielding its few powers.

Mr Yeltsin saw it differently. "The Russian authorities came out of this government crisis with honour," he said in a television address to the nation. The Duma vote was "a victory of reason over emotion".

The ballot was secret, so the electorate will never be certain which renegade Communists voted for Mr Kiriyenko. Yabloko and a large number of Communists did not pick up ballot papers, meaning that while there were 261 votes for the candidate, there were only 25 against.

Mr Kiriyenko has impressed Russians by his cleverness, apparent pragmatism and grasp of the issues. Compared to previous prime ministers, he is seen as less arrogant and dogmatic than Yegor Gaidar and brighter and more fluent than Viktor Chernomyrdin. Few Duma deputies have actively opposed him personally.

In his speech of thanks to parliament, the new prime minister quoted the hero of today's radical, Thatcherite economic liberals, the Tsarist prime minister Pyotr Stolypin: "Neither you nor I need great upheavals. Both you and I need a great Russia."

Mr Kiriyenko's appointment, he said, would mean "a weak, authoritarian president, a helpless Duma and a new round of bribing Zhirinovsky".

Mr Zhirinovsky said he would like to hit Mr Yavlinsky on his "loathsome, repulsive face". It was a fit-

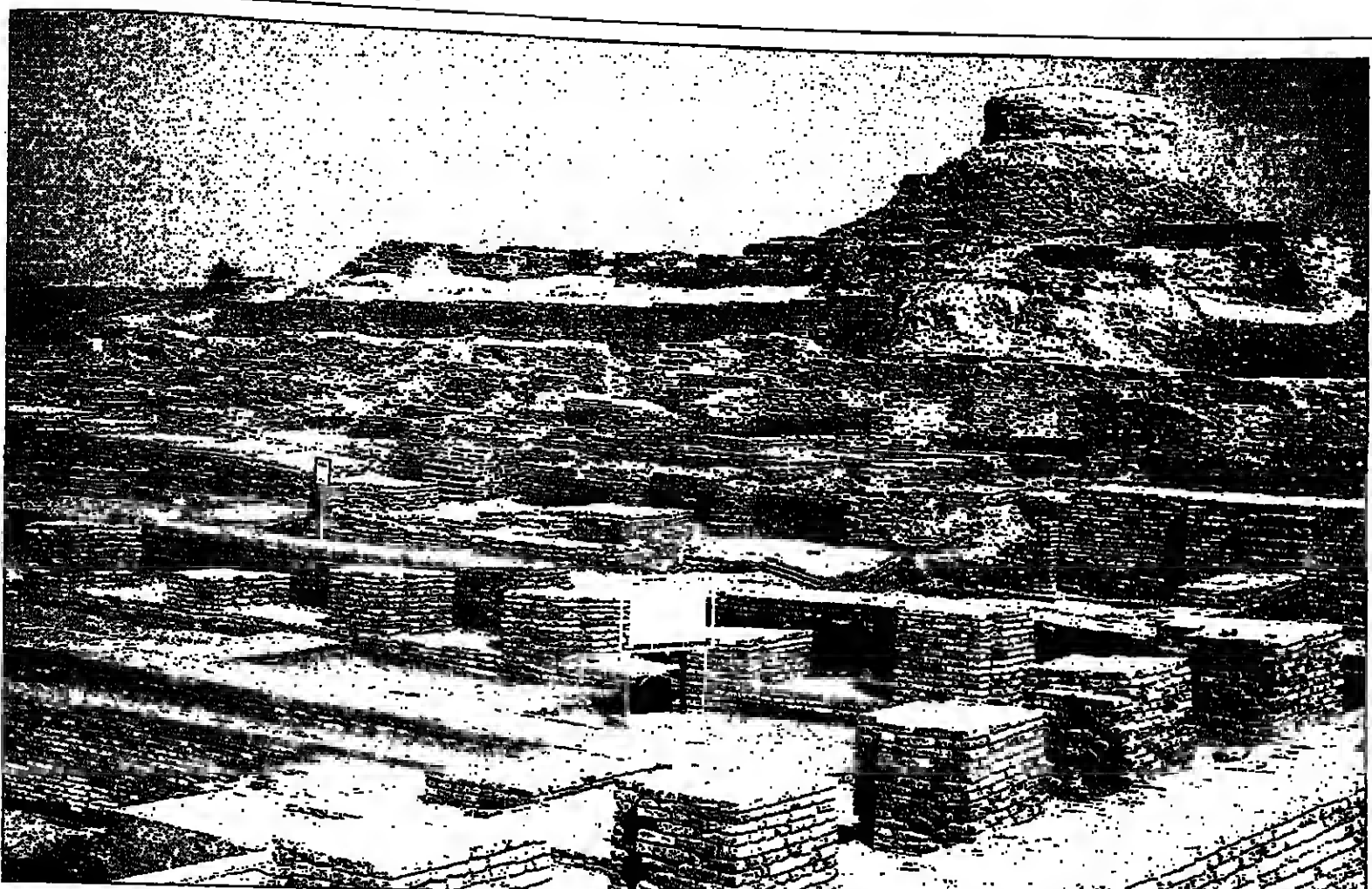
ting low for a day that will seal parliament's reputation in the eyes of much of the electorate as a bought, self-obsessed body incapable of wielding its few powers.

Mr Yeltsin saw it differently. "The Russian authorities came out of this government crisis with honour," he said in a television address to the nation. The Duma vote was "a victory of reason over emotion".

The ballot was secret, so the electorate will never be certain which renegade Communists voted for Mr Kiriyenko. Yabloko and a large number of Communists did not pick up ballot papers, meaning that while there were 261 votes for the candidate, there were only 25 against.

Mr Kiriyenko has impressed Russians by his cleverness, apparent pragmatism and grasp of the issues. Compared to previous prime ministers, he is seen as less arrogant and dogmatic than Yegor Gaidar and brighter and more fluent than Viktor Chernomyrdin. Few Duma deputies have actively opposed him personally.

In his speech of thanks to parliament, the new prime minister quoted the hero of today's radical, Thatcherite economic liberals, the Tsarist prime minister Pyotr Stolypin: "Neither you nor I need great upheavals. Both you and I need a great Russia."



Mohenjo-daro was the showpiece of a Bronze Age civilisation on the banks of the Indus. Laid out on a grid, with public baths, granaries and dustbins on corners, it had better amenities than today's Pakistani cities, according to one professor at Peshawar university

## Time takes toll on model civilisation

Suzanne Goldenberg visits Mohenjo-daro in Pakistan, at 4,500 years old the world's first planned city. Conservationists are battling to stop heat and salt water from reducing excavated buildings to dust



**W**IDE, straight roads, covered sewers, tidy houses with separate toilet and bath, and a guaranteed private water supply: such is the stuff suburban dreams are made of amid the choking chaos of a modern Indian or Pakistani city.

Except that this metropolis is 4,500 years old. Mohenjo-daro, the world's first planned city, laid out on a grid that would not be out of place in the American Midwest, forgoing grandiose temples and palaces for public baths and granaries, and dustbins on the corners.

"We have no elaborate architecture for gods and kings, but the entire city is amazingly well provided for," said Farzand Ali Durani, professor of archaeology at Peshawar's Peshawar University. "The amenities that the occupants of Mohenjo-daro got in the Bronze Age are cities fail to offer our citizens even today."

In its time, the sprawling city of baked red brick was the showpiece of a civilisation that was born and grew by the banks of the Indus, the once mighty river that gave the Indian subcontinent its name. Only 10 per cent of the city has been explored and catalogued; the rest lies buried beneath the scrub and rice paddy on the river's right bank.

Scholars do not know why the city died. "It was not a sudden eclipse but a gradual decline, loss of

trade, loss of import and export and the loss of the administrative system, and hence we find that by 1500 BC it just was not in existence," said Ahmed Hasan Dani, the director of the institute of Asian civilisations in Islamabad.

Four thousand years on, some conservationists fear that what has been discovered could disappear once more. The baked earth bricks of Mohenjo-daro are crumbling, so thoroughly eaten away by salt that, in time, they will collapse into dust. Glistening crystals are visible on the lower portions of several walls.

Excavated wells in Mohenjo-daro stand high above the ground. Layers were added as the city was rebuilt on the debris of old structures.

creeping up from the ground with a rising — and saline — water table, or deposited in the morning dew in winter. In the summer, a fierce sun and temperatures of 50C exact their own punishment, and the walls buckle inward.

The damage is most severe in the lower, residential part of Mohenjo-daro. Here, the lanes are narrower than the broad avenues of the citadel, where residents could make their stately progress from the large, square swimming pool to what appears to have been a college. Although the people of Mohenjo-daro were literate, scholars have been unable to decode the seals left behind.

"Every year something is being eaten away by salt action," said Dr Dani, the sole survivor of the last big excavations at Mohenjo-daro in 1950. "When you excavate, whatever you excavate becomes like your own son, and now I feel my own son is dead."

The future of Mohenjo-daro has long preoccupied conservationists. In 1974 Unesco, which has adopted Mohenjo-daro as a world heritage site, began working with the Pakistani authorities to ensure its survival. It spent nearly \$7 million before withdrawing in September.

Since then the Pakistani authorities have yet to decide on a course of action, though the archaeology department claims the site is in safe hands and is on the verge of being transformed into a major tourist attraction. At present it receives only 50,000 visitors a year, almost all of them Pakistanis.

In neighbouring India, about 2 million people a year visit the Taj Mahal, and honeymooning couples, the brides in silken finery and heavy gold jewellery, are a part of the regular daily crush.

Dr Jansen says such simple, low-cost methods may prove the answer for Mohenjo-daro, provided maintenance is carried out regularly. However, that does not appear to be happening, and a regular programme may have to wait several more months until the Pakistani government reveals its plans.

The only sure solution is far more drastic than anyone would want — returning Mohenjo-daro to the earth which once harboured it.

"The moment something is buried, it is safe," Dr Jansen said. "If the walls are not treated any more I can imagine that in 10 or 15 years you would again have a soft archaeological surface. You can already see it in the east of the city."

Some of the earlier attempts to save the ruins are extraordinary. Unesco encircled the site with 27 tubewells, which pumped the lethal groundwater into a moat that fed into an agricultural canal. The organisation also shored up the banks of the Indus, which has changed its course over the centuries, and is now a glittering flat ribbon a mile from the city that once served as its port.

But the ambitious designs appear not to have worked.

"In the '60s and '70s, people believed that if you went in with a big bang you could save something for a lifetime," said Michael Jansen, an archaeologist and conservationist from Germany's Aachen University, who oversaw the Unesco project for nearly 10 years.

"Nowadays, we know this doesn't exist. Big sites need permanent maintenance."

Last autumn, Pakistan shut down the pumping system. The closure is an experiment to see how high the water will rise. It also saves the Pakistani authorities 500,000 rupees a month (nearly £7,000) in electricity costs alone.

Instead, conservationists are putting their hopes in the kind of repairs familiar to modern homeowners: underpinning and damp proof courses. Other methods would be unsuited to modern structures — primarily coating the walls with salt to prevent the salt from reaching the brick underneath.

Dr Jansen says such simple, low-cost methods may prove the answer for Mohenjo-daro, provided maintenance is carried out regularly. However, that does not appear to be happening, and a regular programme may have to wait several more months until the Pakistani government reveals its plans.

The only sure solution is far more drastic than anyone would want — returning Mohenjo-daro to the earth which once harboured it.

"The moment something is buried, it is safe," Dr Jansen said. "If the walls are not treated any more I can imagine that in 10 or 15 years you would again have a soft archaeological surface. You can already see it in the east of the city."

Some of the earlier attempts to save the ruins are extraordinary. Unesco encircled the site with 27 tubewells, which pumped the lethal groundwater into a moat that fed into an agricultural canal. The organisation also shored up the banks of the Indus, which has changed its course over the centuries, and is now a glittering flat ribbon a mile from the city that once served as its port.

But the ambitious designs appear not to have worked.

"In the '60s and '70s, people believed that if you went in with a big bang you could save something for a lifetime," said Michael Jansen, an archaeologist and conservationist from Germany's Aachen University, who oversaw the Unesco project for nearly 10 years.

"Nowadays, we know this doesn't exist. Big sites need permanent maintenance."

Last autumn, Pakistan shut down the pumping system. The closure is an experiment to see how high the water will rise. It also saves the Pakistani authorities 500,000 rupees a month (nearly £7,000) in electricity costs alone.

Instead, conservationists are putting their hopes in the kind of repairs familiar to modern homeowners: underpinning and damp proof courses. Other methods would be unsuited to modern structures — primarily coating the walls with salt to prevent the salt from reaching the brick underneath.

## Kohl loses the east

San Traynor in Magdeburg

**I**N 1990 when Germany's cold war division dissolved and the first post-German elections took place, Peter Weiss proudly cast his vote for Helmut Kohl and the Christian Democrats.

In 1994, the east German civil servant again gave his support to Mr Kohl.

But tomorrow, when the impoverished eastern state of Saxony-Anhalt goes to the polls, and in September's general election, Mr Weiss will deny Mr Kohl his hat-trick. "Enough is enough," said

Mr Weiss, aged 37, who lives in Magdeburg, the depressed Saxon-Anhalt capital. "Kohl's time is up. He has no fresh ideas. There are 6 million unemployed. This time I'm voting for the Social Democrats."

According to opinion polls, Mr Weiss is in good company. All across the east, where support was the key to the chancellor's two poll triumphs since unification, voters are deserting the Christian Democrats.

Mr Kohl's CDU came in narrowly as the single biggest party at 34.4 per cent in the last Saxony-Anhalt election in 1994. Tomorrow it will be

runner-up at best. A similar picture is emerging across eastern Germany's six states.

In 1990, Mr Kohl notoriously promised the east "fourishing landscapes" and an economic boom. Asked this week why he wanted to run for a record fifth term, he cited unfinished business in the east. But it appeared almost an afterthought, prefaced by a 10-minute pause to Europe.

Mr Kohl was greeted by as many hecklers as elderly supporters when he visited Magdeburg this week. "Helmut — Cheerio," and "Kohl has to go. Jobs have to come," read the banners.

# Today, talking to your computer is a sign of intelligence, not insanity.

GO DIRECTLY TO CORK & KERRY.  
DO NOT PASS SWANSEA.  
DO NOT COLLECT 200 EXTRA MILES.

**CAR - 5 ADULTS**  
FROM **£75**  
SINGLE JOURNEY  
£130 MID WEEK RETURN

**Go direct and save 400 miles of tiring driving. Contact:**

**SELF CATERING WEEK**  
FROM **£39**  
Based on 6 people sharing  
£236 PACKAGE PRICE

**SWANSEA CORK FERRIES**

**FREEPHONE 0800 783 8004** or contact your local travel agent

**All this for less than £140**

Continuous Speech Recognition Software (including free overnight high-quality headset microphone).

Introducing ViaVoice Gold, the latest member of IBM's award-winning and the UK's best-selling speech recognition family. ViaVoice fulfils the promise of computers being able to recognise your voice and respond. You simply speak naturally and your PC will write down all your letters, e-mail and other brilliant thoughts. You can also use your voice to tell your PC what to do, such as open programs, print or save files, and it obeys your every word. You can speak directly into most Windows applications and a new text-to-speech feature lets your PC read text to you! If you already have one of IBM's speech recognition systems on your PC you can upgrade it to ViaVoice Gold. Application developers can download a tool kit from the Web. Visit your local PC retailer, or the stores shown, or visit our Web site at [www.ibm.com/viavoice](http://www.ibm.com/viavoice) for a list of our specialist speech resellers.

**Dixons**  
**PC WORLD**  
0990 454464

Minimum requirements for ViaVoice Gold include a Pentium 166 MHz (or Post-150 MHz with MMX), 32 MB RAM for Windows 95 or 48 MB RAM for Windows NT 4.0 (with 64 MB of available hard disk space). Windows 95 and Windows NT are trademarks of Microsoft Corporation. Pentium and MMX are trademarks of Intel Corporation. Only available at larger Dixons stores. ©1998 IBM Corporation.

**IBM**  
Solutions for a small planet



## Prisoners and parades

### Ulster's realities return

THE HOSTILITY generated by the planned early release of prisoners and the Parades Commission's verdict on this year's Drumcree march are a reminder — if any were needed — that the path to peace in Northern Ireland is still strewn with unexploded mines. As always, distance produces illusions. From afar it is all too easy to be totally perplexed as to why two communities expected to sign up for the peace process can't even agree on the rerouting of what ought to be a peaceful march through a small town, especially when hundreds of similar marches take place elsewhere in the province without disturbance. But in Northern Ireland's tinder-tight conditions enlightenment isn't the daily currency. Reasonable people will ask why the Catholic community can't allow the march to go through peacefully as a gesture of goodwill or, equally, why the Protestants can't reroute the march as they did last year — or simply agree with the conclusion of the independent Parades

Commission (shunned though it has been by activists on both sides). But reason is in short supply and dripping with spilt blood. Even so, Tony Blair may have been ill-advised to lean on the Parades Commission to delay its recommendations which reportedly veer towards rerouting the controversial Drumcree parade in July. The PC may have been given the impossible task of closing an unbridgeable sectarian divide, but at least it was a well intentioned, and above all independent, attempt. If it had published its provisional findings — always intended to be released well in advance of the final decision taken about the parades, which itself could be challenged in the courts — then there would have been time for hostile Unionist reaction to have cooled down or to have been sublimated in the referendum campaign. Now its biggest asset — independence of government — has been jeopardised.

The early release of prisoners is even more contentious than the parades. It will stick forever in the gut of the terrorists like Paul Magee, the Brighton bomber about to be switched to an Irish jail, whose attempt to kill Mrs Thatcher resulted in five deaths and many injuries, or Johnny Adair of the Ulster Freedom Fighters

(whom Ian Paisley said in the Commons this week is believed to have organised the shooting of up to 20 people) could be free in two years time. In other cases, like the Balcombe Street gang who have already served 23 years, society's need for retribution must be weighed against other factors, like whether they might be due for release anyway and whether they are likely to offend again. It is relevant that under 20 of the 400 paramilitaries serving life sentences in Northern Ireland who have already received early release have been rearrested. Under the terms of the peace agreement only prisoners from organisations maintaining the ceasefire will be released and they will be "on licence" so that if they reoffend they will serve out the rest of their sentences.

Ireland has complicated matters by stating that anyone found guilty of the murder of Det Garda Jerry McCabe would remain outside the agreement such was the disgust felt in the Republic about the brutal killing of a policeman. That sounds fair — but where does it leave the killers of 299 members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary? Let no one pretend it will be easy to balance natural justice against the realpolitik of achieving a lasting peace settlement. However repugnant the prospect of releas-

ing amoral murderers back into the community is, it must be weighed against the benefits of the innocent lives to be saved in future if terrorism is eliminated or at least moved to the sidelines. No one has any pet solution to the intractable problems of parades and prisoners let alone decommissioning. In the end they will only be solved by the communities themselves. In this sense Drumcree is a litmus test of how attitudes are changing. Earlier this month there was cause for rejoicing: now, suddenly, the grim reality of life in a divided province reasserts itself. As the Irish Times observed yesterday: "Like many a well-meaning Englishman before them they are discovering that just when you think you have the answer, the Irish, or in this case the Northern Irish, change the question."

## Swelling sales

### A male fantasy comes true

COULD one of the oldest truisms in medicine be about to be rewritten: the reluctance of men to consult their family doctors. In no area has this been more valid than in the sexual. Fewer than one in 10 men suffering from some degree of impo-

otence consult their local GPs. Many are too embarrassed. Others have assumed that nothing could be done. In fact there are already three different categories of aids: suction pumps, injections, or penile implants which many users have found successful even if the more squeamish have been reluctant to try. But, finally, a wonder drug has arrived which does away with the paraphernalia of suction pumps (jelly, holding rings, pipes) or the need to inject which deters needle freaks. Pfizer has been granted a licence in America to sell an impotency pill with the marketable name of Viagra — a combination of "vigorous" and "Niagara" to convey the sense of an unstoppable flow. Will it become as commonly used as Durex (combining "durable" and "excellent erections")?

Viagra is not an aphrodisiac. It does not increase the sexual urge but does allow a man who has been sexually stimulated to achieve satisfaction by improving and prolonging erections. Medical specialists suggest impotency increases by 1 per cent a year from early middle age. American doctors have been inundated with requests for the pill which has only one main side effect: an increase in headaches. Few will complain if sex and headaches replace no sex and feigned headaches.

## Letters to the Editor

### Bird brains and book worms

YOU ask the question (Beasts bring home the bacon. The Week, April 18) whether we would care to receive the heart of a pig as a replacement for our own when it eventually wears out.

Since the male of the species is pig-headed and not-bellied, to say nothing of being mousey-haired, hare-brained, beetle-browed, cock-eyed, hawk-nosed, dog-breathed, buck-toothed, serpent-tongued, bull-necked, pigeon-chested, rat-arsed and more fancifully lion-hearted and hung like a steed. I would have thought that there could be scant resistance to this latest zoological emendation. Might as well go the whole hog. A D Martin. Colchester.

IT is not true that I left a camera crew alone and kept them waiting for two hours while I talked to Max Clifford (Diary, April 22). I arrived at Mr Clifford's house at 10.45am on Monday. The camera crew were already set up. The interview was conducted almost immediately. Having worked for the BBC for 20 years, I would never be wasteful of its resources. Michael Cole. London.

IN your World Book Day supplement (April 23) Maureen Freely was the only writer who failed to name "What was the book that triggered your love of reading?". The novella by Eilery Queen (a pseudonym for Frederic Danzay and Manfred B Lee) referred to by Freely is entitled *The Land of God* and appeared in the collection of stories *The New Adventures of Eilery Queen*, first published in 1940. Sergio Angelini. London.

IN his letter (April 23) Richard Slipp says "Canadians do like to have our country acknowledged from time to time". Interesting, coming from a resident of Ireland. G Druff. London.

## Antidotes to antibiotics

THE over-prescribing of antibiotics is causing considerable problems (Leader, April 24), but many people need substantial quantities of these drugs simply to stay alive. I suffer from a severe, chronic respiratory illness which needs frequent courses of aggressive antibiotic therapy. Because of the future which has been rumbling on for some years, I and others like me are now unable to get adequate medication.

Patients such as myself who are extremely vulnerable should not have our already poor health worsened by ill-considered restrictions. Ron Graves. Birkenhead.

BRIAN Jennings, chairman of the NFU's health and welfare committee, says (Speaker, 18 April 24) that "he had yet to see any convincing evidence that there were human health implications in farmers using antibiotics as growth enhancers". The US Food and Drug Administration proposed a total ban on certain antibiotics given to farm animals, stating that information about bacteria that develop

resistance to antibiotics given to animals and transfer this resistance to humans caused considerable concern.

The British Government, announcing a restriction on two antibiotics in livestock feed, stated: "We do not accept that there are no serious ill-effects from giving antibiotics to animals." These two announcements were made in 1968 and 1969 respectively. Cyril Howard. London.

ANTIBIOTICS are present not only in meat but in milk as well. There are organic farmers who manage to survive in this commercial world without feeding their stock on routine daily doses of antibiotics and these brave souls should be encouraged. Dr H C Grant. London.

THE use of antibiotics in the feed can upset the normal microbial flora in the gut and make animals more susceptible to intestinal infections such as salmonellosis. There are alternatives such as the use of probiotics and prebiotics which seek to restore the natural composition of the

flora and make the animal grow faster and become more resistant to disease. Roy Fuller. Reading.

THE contribution of intensive farming practices to antibiotic resistance was highlighted in our recent report, *Farm Policies and Our Food*. A key recommendation is that the use of antibiotics to promote animal growth should be banned in the EU. Legislation is urgently needed. Ruth Evans. Director, National Consumer Council, London.

THE concern over the emergence of supermicrobes appears to have overlooked the remarkable properties of silver. It has been used against infectious diseases for many centuries, but was superseded in the 1940s by penicillin and other antibiotics which were much cheaper to produce and far more profitable for the drug companies.

Colloidal silver is non-toxic and can be applied to infected wounds or used orally. It appears to protect the body's natural enzymes and stimulate new growth of damaged

tissue. The body does not develop a tolerance for it and as a disinfectant, it does not sting. John Mackisack. Parshore, Worcs.

THE power of oxygen will adequately treat most, if not all, the "super-bugs". Hydrogen peroxide therapy by ingestion or intravenous infusion and therapy by ozone and polyatomic apheresis provide excellent results. Alwyn Pileworth. Centre of Information for Oxygen Therapies, Ripon.

HAVING been in the nursing profession for 40 years, it appears to me that standards of cleanliness have dropped. Gone are the ward cleaners who took real pride in their polished floors and clean patient rooms. Now we have contract cleaners and floors with dirty marks, and sticky beds and vases with foul-smelling water. Having nursed tubercular and polio-myelitis patients, I was taught about cleanliness. Sadly it appears to be lacking in hospitals today. Super-bugs must be making whoopee. Doreen Stevens. Ferndown, Dorset.

## Jewish Deputies stand by role

THANK you for the candid concern (Leader, April 9): at least this had the virtue of recognising that the debate about the role of the Board of Deputies, as the Jewish community's representative body, has little to do with the Foreign Secretary's visit to Israel. The Board is keen to stand by its record of real achievements. These go far beyond our debates in plenary meetings. Why, I wonder, do other minority communities in this country look to the Board as a model? Our democratic structure enables all synagogues and a growing number of communal organisations to participate in our work. Of course spiritual guidance has always come from

the synagogues. But where, other than at the Board, will the Orthodox and Reform groups sit around a table as equals, to advance policy on such matters as divorce law reform or the protection of religious rights? Similarly the Jewish community has numerous housing, childcare and welfare bodies. That is no doubt why the Government has asked the Board to lead a Jewish response to the new Royal Commission on the long-term care of the elderly. The Board's officers regularly evaluate our role and our relationship with the community and others. We receive an enormous volume of requests for advice, assistance and action which come to us from

members of our own community, and from those in the wider British society, on a range of issues which no other organisation is handling.

So despite the misgivings of some of British Jewry's self-styled leaders, following a programme of modernisation, the Board has never been in better shape. We plan to continue in our role of supporting and defending our community in Britain for many years to come, however much those with political axes to grind may wish otherwise. Neville Nagler. Director-general, Board of Deputies of British Jews.

We do not publish letters where only an e-mail address is supplied; please include a full postal address. The Country Diary is on page 10.

## Bard news

CATHERINE Bennett's article was refreshing in its lack of offensiveness (Fast Card, April 16). Why should one spiritual tradition be excluded from its most sacred sites? One of the core ideas of Druidry is that the sacred landscape provides us with all the temples we need. Ceremonial sacred space is then defined as a circle — a circle of stones, a circle of trees, or just a circle of participants. Druids who write the calendar brain Summer Solstice want to do so at a site built for the purpose; after all we can hold ceremonies there at every other time of the year. Matthew McCabe. Order of Bardis, Ovates and Druids, London.



A terrible optimism for change

WAS 16 in May 1968. Jonathan Steele is right (Yes, there were sex and drugs, but it was about far more than that, April 21). It was not about sex and drugs; there was little time for that in our provincial town in the heart of France. It was a heady time; we scanned the independent radio stations for news of battles between students and the dreaded CRS in Paris. We picked our school, and the local government offices.

Forget going to school: we were too busy hitch-hiking to the nearest university town to sit in smoky amphitheatres listening to boys intellectualising about the revolution. Of course, then the sexual revolution did not mean that girls were taken seriously; that was to come after, with feminism in the seventies.

We shouted at the bourgeoisie on their balconies — our loathing of de Gaulle and the order he represented, the Vietnam war, of the oppression of capitalism and imperialism — we were full of it. We believed in the "primaries" of Prague. Dubcek was a quiet hero, a man of hope and integrity. I cried when the Russian tanks invaded Czechoslovakia later.

We stopped wearing the school "overall" uniform; we

did not ask permission to wear trousers or jeans, we just did. We smoked. Big sister was the lucky one, she never got to sit the written part of the baccalaureat, becoming one of the generation of '68. She was moose. My friend was a communist. I was leftist.

We attended theatre workshops, got drunk on Brecht, Anouilh, Aragon, Desnos, Rimbaud, Boris Vian, sang anarchist songs in the middle of the night in our sleepy town; we felt that the world was ours to shape. At election time, we made our posters in the garage, family and friends all united in a terrible optimism for change. It was a good time to be 16.

In 1969, Georges Pompidou won the election. He was old. And right-wing. Mireille Pougnet. Dollar, Clackmannan.

BEFORE Easter I attended a Balmain gathering of Sussex University 1968 entrants. One perceptive remark stuck in my mind: "We had thought in 1968 that Paris was more important than Prague; we would reverse that order now." Later I spoke at the dinner and found they were still an unmovable lot. Prof William Lamont. University of Sussex.

## In search of the blessed liquid

MATTHEW Engel laments the difficulty in finding a decent bottle of organic wine below £2 (Organic wine, April 18). Safeway stocks an enjoyable French red organic wine at a nice de table price (about £2.50) at my local store in Tavistock. I have been able to drink this satisfying staple without any adverse consequences for several months. They also keep a Chianti and a Muscadet, at less than £2. Mike Langford. Tavistock, Devon.

HAVE spent the last five years or so singing the praises of organic wine and agitating for more of it. I have spouted about its wonderful "hangover-free" properties. Oddbins and The Dram Shop, Stockfield, have a good range, between £4 and £10. Tesco does a red and a white for about a fiver, and I've found a bottle in Safeway, and Morrisons, but it's not easy. Kathryn McGlynn. Sheffield.

AS a former wine bibber obliged to abandon the blessed liquid because of sensitivity to sulphur dioxide, may I add a PS? Even organic wine contains small amounts of sulphur dioxide to deter mould. It's also in lager and dried fruit — though lager brewed according to Germany's 16th-century purity laws is safe. Ruth Fisher. Bonddu, Gwynedd.

## No evidence

DETEST the attitude of C. Trial (Letters, April 23), sneering at those who wished to help Louise Woodward. He also presumes Louise Nicole Sullivan is guilty before an atom of evidence becomes public. Even the pathologists do not know how the baby might have died — and like their US counterparts they could eventually be wrong. Ken Norman. Portia Trust, London.

## Belgium's soul-searching over the Dutroux affair holds lessons for others

### Murder most foul

Martin Woolacott



THERE is nothing so disruptive of a country's sense of itself as a horrific and unusual crime. The Bulger and West cases in Britain, the Jonestown shootings and the Oklahoma City bombing in the United States, the Verona killings in Italy, the Palma assassination in Sweden — all produced storms of popular anger, self-examination, and painful reflection on the loss of virtue. It is as if events like these take a nation by the scruff of the neck and force it to painfully contemplate an

image it has in the past avoided. Are they the comfortable and decent folk they generally assume themselves to be, or something else — something undutiful, unworthy, and shameful?

That is the question Belgians face after the farcically easy escape of Marc Dutroux, the suspected child murderer. His fortuitous recapture, only a few miles from international borders over which he could very easily have disappeared, perhaps for ever, almost made things worse. The reason is that Belgian anguish springs from two causes. Firstly, that their society could have bred a child killer such as Dutroux is alleged to be, and secondly, that their state is deeply inefficient at preventing and detecting such crimes, and perhaps all crimes. Of this latter problem, no more telling an indication than the Dutroux escape could have been devised. On the one hand, the torture and death of children; on the other, the Keystone Cops on a car chase through the Ardennes. The general outrage might even bring

down the government of Jean-Luc Dehaene.

This dual impact is general in crimes that become "national" test cases. There is the horror of the thing itself, and then there is the realisation that the social and governmental mechanisms that should protect society have been shown to be defective. Americans could not understand how, with all the resources the US puts into surveillance and anti-terrorism measures, the Oklahoma City bombers could not have been spotted as dangerous men long before they went bombing in earnest.

The British could not understand how an obviously distressed child could be trafficked through the streets with nobody who registered that sight having the time or energy to interfere. The Swedes could not comprehend how, in their small and close society, a prime minister could be killed in the city centre of Stockholm and yet no compelling evidence ever be found about his murderer or murderers. But, with the Belgians, this second aspect

— that of the social and political failure — has an unusual salience.

The problem is that Belgium is a state in which efficiency, in many branches of government, has historically taken second place to a lesser concern. That is the need to share out the state itself, and the benefits it can bestow, among an array of ethnic, local, and political interests. Long ago, when Belgium rejected the post-Napoleonic dispensation, which had brought them under Dutch rule, compromise of this kind was already critical to the idea of the nation, in that case between the Catholic party and the liberals. It is symptomatic that the most effective reputation a senior politician like Dehaene can have in Belgium is that of a "fixer", somebody who can broker the deals between warring factions that are monthly and yearly necessary.

The permutation of the two sets of political parties — both a Flemish and a Walloon left, right, and centre — and the demands of localities has

produced a society in which the quack and the spoils system rule. They do so nowhere more completely than in the magistracy which discharges the criminal investigatory role. What is true of the magistracy is also true, to a lesser extent, of the upper ranks of the police. In both services the jobs are not well paid, a common characteristic of spoils system positions in many countries. In other words, heading out ill-paid jobs in the precise proportions to maintain a precarious political balance has become more important than having the jobs done properly.

A deputy prime minister is shot outside his mistress's flat, a serial killer terrifies the Moss area near NATO headquarters, mysterious gangs machine gun supermarket shoppers — these are just the more outrageous of unsolved crimes in Belgium. Even where a person is charged, justice moves with appalling slowness. Dutroux has been in custody for 20 months, and a date for a trial has not been fixed. There is

an even darker side to this incompetence. Certainly the traditional sharing out of jobs, as well as the low pay of both magistrates and police, are obstacles to the reforms of the police and the criminal justice system which the Belgian government, under popular pressure, has begun to pursue.

WHAT may also be the fact that crime and corruption in Belgium, including political corruption, find it very convenient that the magistracy and the police should be so inadequate to their task. Could the Belgian magistracy, in its present condition, stage the sort of salutary attack on the corruption of the political system of which the magistracy of Italy, or to a lesser extent, that of Spain, proved themselves capable? That is not to say that the Belgian system is as corrupt as Italy but that, in the absence of effective self-examination and policing, Belgium does not know the extent of its problem in the way that other societies do.

In his review of *The Factory of Facts*, Luc Sante's fascinating exploration of his Belgian roots, Simon Leys recalls that a sour Belgian wit coined the word "Belgitude", by analogy with the triumphant notion of "négritude". "Belgitude", Leys jokes, is a being invisible to a majority of its sufferers. But a return home after time spent outside the country will make apparent to a Belgian "the crushing weight that will make him hang his head in gloom and despondency under the cold, dark rain of the native sky". Luc Sante himself speaks of Belgium as being like "an awkward child wearing a kick-me sign on its back".

Belgium's difference from other countries can, however, be exaggerated. Cold, dark rain falls in many places. Belgitude pulls at the fabric of nearly all nations. The dismal physical and social heritage of an early industrial revolution, whose wreckage remains, litters northern Europe and north-eastern America. Amid

this detritus, much that is evil and strange has been able to grow everywhere.

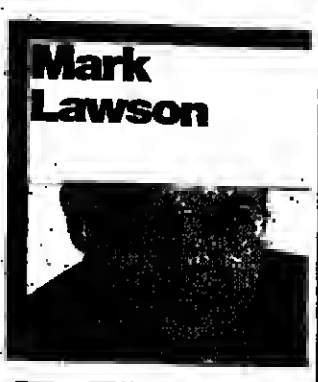
Sante says of Belgium that "the country... never makes it into international coverage until a major catastrophe occurs there". The Dutroux affair is not exactly a catastrophe, but it does suggest something of more than national importance. Children are murdered and abused in every country, and police force is totally efficient, and every state has its curve-ups and quotas in public service.

However, if the state and its various arms come to be more about power sharing between different communities than about the proper use of that power, then we are on dangerous ground. Yet the new politics everywhere shows such a tendency. In this respect Belgium is not an exceptional place but a pointer to the future. That is an aspect of multiculturalism, of devolution, of European union, and, in general, of the politics of difference, that surely needs the most careful thought.



# Saturday opinion

## 48 hours from Tucson



Mark Lawson

**D**URING the last six months, the designations BD (Before Diana) and AD (After Diana) have become as significant for cultural commentators as are BC and AD for historians. Readers may have felt irritation — writers have certainly experienced guilt — at the ease with which almost any subject seems to lead back to that August death and September mourning.

This week, however, the new Dismare calendar seemed vindicated. The media coverage and public reaction to the death of Lady Diana were clearly AD, unimaginable BD. The controversial thesis floated by a right-wing think tank last week — that the Diana events had turned Britain sentimental and irrational — was unexpectedly tested within days by the death of another famous wife who, from within an existence of extraordinary privilege, chose to promote liberal causes and who carried the title of Lady.

Logically, there was little similarity between the stories: Lady Diana's fame was secondary and historical, while Lady Diana's was personal and happening in real-time. Yet many consumers of the media this week must have had a sense of a recent hit movie being remade. And the issues raised by the deaths are the same: celebrity privacy and media/public sentimentality.

Linda McCartney — her musical ambitions mocked during her life and her photography never taken seriously — was shown in a Sun cartoon of Sunday school society approaching the Peasly Gates with guitar and cameras slung behind her angles.

To the media, Lady Linda had long been a nutter. Now they simmered

wings. Editorials spoke of her extraordinary mental and emotional qualities. Subsequently, tabloid front pages summarily reprinted Sir Paul McCartney's final words to his dying wife, released in an official statement: "You're up on your beautiful Appleton stallion. It's a fine spring day..." etc.

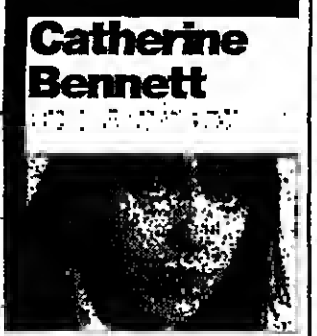
A friend, recently widowed in medically similar circumstances, reports being genuinely moved and even helped by all of this and so I have at least stopped to reconsider what seems a classic example of AD soporifics.

**F**IRST, there is the simple matter of proportion: on this scale, what level of grief and coverage would have to follow the death of Sir Paul McCartney, perhaps the most significant living figure in British popular culture. Secondly, as with Diana, there is something horribly hypocritical in the overnight canonisation of a complicated figure who had attracted regular press dissent and even contempt.

It's true that the durability of the McCartney marriage fitted the inhibited political agenda. And how poignant a detail this must have been for Murdoch editors as they were forced simultaneously to report (though with strangely uncharacteristic tact) the collapse of their proprietor's second marriage. Yet, in every other respect, Lady Linda had long been, to the mainstream media, a nutter: an obsessive vegetarian and animal rights activist. Her musical contributions to her husband's work had been dismissed as embarrassing neopaganism. In life, they made cruel jokes about her in-



## Nanny state



Catherine Bennett

**N**OT MUCH more than a year since Louise Woodward — our Louise — was accused of the murder of eight-month-old Matthew Eappen, another Louise, Australia's Louise Sullivan, is charged with causing grievous bodily harm to six-month-old Caro-

line Jenson. The baby was pronounced dead last Tuesday, the end of the week. Louise Sullivan's family had acquired a public relations adviser, Harry M. Miller, who recently negotiated the five television rights to Michael Hutchence's funeral.

It remains to be seen how similar the cases are and whether the British public will feel more concerned about the bereaved parents or, as in Woodward's case, about the unhappy young woman who was paid to look after the child about "nannies from hell". sympathy is, presumably, the task of the PR. If Woodward's case is any guide, the prospects for Harry M. Miller and his clients are good. Despite periodic bouts of hysteria, "nannies from hell" when every nanny-employer in the country resolves to have

ever the result, there is bound to be another case of Louise headlines. Louise Woodward, Louise soap-opera. If the jury's verdict is reinstated, the yellow ribbons will unfurl, the choruses of "you'll never walk alone" will start up, and the vilification of the Eappens will recommence. Last year, you may recall, popular loathing for Mrs Eappen was so intense that it even reached the pages of The Spectator. In a column on the legal processes of ancient Athens, Dr Peter Jones bravely commented that the Eappens themselves could have been tried in Athens, "not just for hiring a transparently incompetent like Woodward to rear their children, but for being so ghastly." If Woodward's appeal succeeds, this eminent classicist will no doubt want to attend the triumphant piss-up down at Wood-

ward's local, the Rigger, and join in the chorus of "She's coming home, Louise is coming home..."

There could be limits to Woodward's rehabilitation. Some of us might not wish to employ her in a child-care capacity. On the other hand, there would be little to stop

her working as a nanny if she were intent upon it. The nanny business is so hot that with a new haircut, a name-change, and a little ingenuity, Woodward might still find a job. Last year, in a Sunday Times investigation, a woman with a conviction for manslaughter posed as a nanny, and was taken on by three supposedly reputable nanny agencies and put forward for jobs caring for young children.

**A**LTHOUGH Labour, in opposition, supported a national nanny register, it has now adopted the laissez-faire position of its predecessors. Under the provisions of the Children Act, childminders and nannies are regulated by local authorities, subject to police checks, and regular inspection. Children looked after by nannies are specifically denied such safeguards. The justification is that these are private arrangements. In practice, it gives the children in question less protection than fish. You need a licence to go fishing.

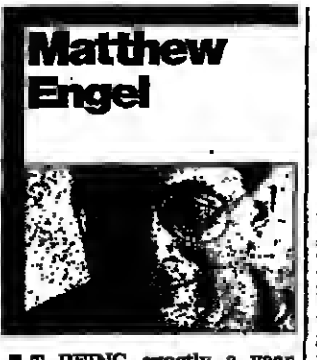
"It's frightening," says Tricia Pritchard, chair of Playpen, which campaigns for the regulation of nannies and their agencies. Anyone, she points out, can call herself a nanny. "They don't have to be qualified, they don't have to have first aid, they're not registered, nothing — and it's compounded by the fact that anyone can set up a nanny agency."

And you can see why anyone does. Agencies can make around £1,000 a placement, and many parents are none too picky. A few weeks ago, a nanny agency rang and asked me for a reference. It was for "Tracy", who had worked for me for less than 24 hours. Before I asked her to leave, she shared her child-rearing philosophy. Children had to learn who was boss. By force, if necessary. "When you're out," Tracy said, "and you can't hit them, 'cause there's other people around, you just squeeze their hands, hard..."

The agency asked if I recommended Tracy. No, I didn't think she should be working with children, at all. The agency-woman reminded me that Tracy's other references were fine — something I knew, having previously checked them myself. As Tracy was "nanny secret", these references must have been her assets.

In a country that pities "Louise" more than her victim, maybe it's not surprising that pressure for registration has come from nannies themselves, rather than parents. Unperturbed by Woodward, the parents of tiny infants are still employing inexperienced, cut-price au pairs, from agencies that should know better. "It's obscene," says Tricia Pritchard. One feels that the babies, if they could talk, would heartily agree.

## My kind of Rev



Matthew Engel

**I**T BEING exactly a year since the election of our glorious leaders, 30 years since something or other and 150 years since the publication of the Communist Manifesto, this column is about the Rev Sydney Smith, who was born 227 years, 10 months and 22 days ago today and died 163 years, 2 months and three days ago. Why? Why not? Just listen.

Sydney Smith is not exactly forgotten. He was the Dr Johnson of the early 18th century, and he still takes up a full page in the major dictionaries of quotations, and some of his lines get trotted out quite regularly. "What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia!" "Macaulay is like a book in breeches." "Fraise is the best diet." Many of his other were lost, apparently because they were said at dinner parties, and his supposed Boswell, Thomas Moore, was laughing too much to write them down.

But hardly anyone now remembers who he was. Smith was much more than just a wag. He was a writer and polemicist, a founder of the Edinburgh Review, who did as much as anyone to create the intellectual climate

that led to Catholic Emancipation. He was the edge to his writing, but it was sharp without ever being cruelly barbed. It is a wonderful trick to be as funny as he was without being unkind.

Smith was a clergyman, but a clergyman of a type that was rare at the time and got rarer as the century wore on. "He believed," said his biographer, Hesketh Pearson, "that Christianity was made for man, not man for Christianity." For him, it was "a moral code, not a dogma... a practical code of behaviour."

And he lived it. Everyone in London society knew him, and the most powerful distrusted him, so he never became a bishop. Indeed, for more than 20 years he was rector of the remote Yorkshire village of Foston, "12 miles from a lemon." He hated the exile, but threw himself into it, feeding the hungry, trying to heal the sick, and infuriating his fellow-magistrates by habitually supporting the poachers against the squire.

His was the idea of eating pâté de foie gras to the sound of trumpets

his opinions and prove his assertions."

His arguments seem unexceptional now, because Smith's battles were won. Had he gone in for works of imagination, his feelings are quick, his fancy lively, and his taste good. Talents for speculation and original inquiry he has none... he hates the pain of thinking, and expects every man whose boldness and originality call upon him to defend

**Children looked after by nannies get less protection than fish. You need a licence to go fishing**

### Edinburgh from

**£69\***  
return inc. taxes

### Copenhagen from

**£122\***  
return inc. taxes

## All we cut is the price.

Return prices from London Heathrow.

For these and many more special European offers, contact your travel agent or call us (local rate) on

# 0845 6071632

More offers available from other airports in the UK and Ireland.

## British Midland

The Airline for Europe

\*Prices quoted on selected dates and flights. Subject to availability. Travel must include a Saturday night stay. Flight prices include UK and foreign hotel taxes, baggage, and insurance. "14 days advance booking required" and "minimum 7 days advance booking required" apply to certain fares. See website for details.







British power play in US abandoned but contest for Energy intensifies

# Scots pull £3bn plug

Nicholas Bannister, Chief Business Correspondent

**A**N ATTEMPT to turn the tide of American takeovers of British electricity companies collapsed yesterday at the last minute. Scottish Power said it had terminated talks to buy Florida Progress, a big vertically integrated electricity company, after more than five months of negotiations. The Scottish company, which owns Manweb and Southern Water, would have had to pay well over £3 billion

for the US company, which produces and supplies electricity for more than half of the state of Florida. A spokesman said: "We looked at the company very carefully but, after due-diligence inquiries, our view was that further value for shareholders was not there."

Scottish Power as a policy of international expansion and the negotiations with Florida Progress were the most detailed it has had with an American company. The Florida company has 1.3 million customers but earned net income of only \$54 million on sales of \$3 billion. Like Scottish

Power it generates and supplies electricity. But, with a market capital of £3 billion, it is only half the size of its Scottish counterpart. Scottish Power told Florida Progress on Wednesday that it had abandoned its takeover plans, but was forced to make a stock exchange announcement after a Florida newspaper claimed on Thursday that the deal was still on. All but one of the 12 privatised English and Welsh electricity distribution companies have been taken over, more than half by American power groups, causing complaints from consumer groups on both sides of the

Atlantic. The only survivor is Southern Electricity. Energy Group, which owns Eastern Electricity, is at the centre of a takeover battle between two US firms, PacifiCorp and Texas Utilities. The Takeover Panel intervened on Thursday to prevent the two rivals raising their bids just ahead of Sunday's midnight deadline. It had separate talks yesterday with all three companies in an attempt to give time for counter-bids and still leave Energy shareholders with 14 days to decide what to do. Suggestions include an auction or sealed bids. The panel's director-general, Alistair

Defriez, has put forward a proposal which the companies are considering. If any of the parties objects, the matter will have to be decided by the Takeover Panel, possibly early next week. PacifiCorp opened the bidding for Energy 10 months ago with a £2.65 billion offer, which was referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission by Trade and Industry Secretary Margaret Beckett, against the advice of the electricity industry regulator and the Office of Fair Trading. In December Mrs Beckett cleared the way for PacifiCorp to bid. Further moves left PacifiCorp with a

£4.35 billion offer on the table and Texas slightly ahead with £4.5 billion. Reports suggested yesterday that PacifiCorp might seek to acquire the Energy Group's Peabody coal-mining business — the biggest in the US — if it fails to get the whole company. Electricity companies were castigated yesterday by Stephen Lintiechild, the industry regulator, for failing to keep customers adequately informed following the power cuts caused by bad weather over Christmas and the New Year. He told them to review their communication arrangements urgently.

Alex Brummer

**I**N THE end, the Chinese walls at Schroders worked exactly as they were meant to. Schroders' British investment manager, Jim Cox, ignored the advice of the bank's corporate finance arm, which was defending the catalogue retailer Argos, and helped give a victory to Great Universal Stores.

Indeed, there is a growing view in the UK banking industry that most of the mortgage banks are one-business institutions in a full-service financial world, and will have vanished from the listings within a decade unless they take bold steps to broaden their business base. The Halifax has the resources to stop the rot — with its cash horde of £4 billion. But it has so far found it difficult to proceed, although it may yet surprise us with a Diageo-style friendly merger with another financial institution. The current share buybacks seem a fairly futile gesture, although perhaps better than the old TSB route of wasting cash on poor acquisitions. What is needed, however, is an aggressive expansion into new areas: waiting for stakeholder pensions and individual savings accounts will not do the trick.

## Longest-running dispute ends



Struggle over... Sacked strikers protest outside Berisford's annual meeting earlier this year

PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM TURNER

## Bitter Magnet strikers settle for £8,500

Seamus Milne Labour Editor

**T**HE country's longest running industrial dispute came to an end yesterday when workers sacked by Magnet Kitchens 20 months ago for going on strike voted to accept £8,500 each. The workers still officially involved in the dispute agreed the £250,000 compensation package by 47 votes to 34 in a secret ballot, after months of protests at the

Cambridgeshire mansion of Alan Bowkett, chief executive of Magnet's parent company, Berisford, finally convinced the firm to negotiate. Pickets outside Magnet's Darlington factory yesterday, who had been campaigning for reinstatement, barracked replacement staff yesterday. Sacked shop steward Ian Crammond said: "What more can we do? The scabs who are in there deserve all they are going to get."

Neither of the two main unions in the dispute, the Transport and General Workers' Union and the GMB general union, had recommended the offer. But Shirley Winter, secretary of the women's support group, said: "We have sent out a message that workers will not be bullied. Magnet wouldn't even accept there was an industrial dispute, but in the end they came to the table."

Len McCluskey, chief negotiator for the TGWU, said it had been a "congratulatory struggle". The money will be shared out between all 320 workers, who were originally sacked for striking in August 1996 in support of an across-the-board 3 per cent pay rise, on the basis of how long they have been part of the dispute. Those who immediately dropped out to find other work will get £250. In January, after more than a year of round-the-clock picketing the strikers and their supporters — including redundant Derbyshire miners — took their campaign to Mr Bowkett's £15 million home. The Berisford chief executive's £124,000 pay rise last

year — more than the £114,000 needed to meet the 3 per cent rise the strikers sought — had inflamed the dispute and the Croxton protests spawned a union chicken farm near his home, designed to evade threats of legal action for secondary picketing. The unions backing the Magnet strikers yesterday seized on the outcome of the dispute to highlight the Conservatives' anti-union laws. Phil Davies, GMB national officer, said the Magnet dispute was a "classic example of why the current labour

laws should be changed to protect strikers. It is outrageous that a group of workers who had conducted a legal ballot should be dismissed for taking action over a derisory pay offer". Under Labour's forthcoming "Fairness at Work" white paper, workers sacked for taking legal industrial action will be able to claim unfair dismissal at an industrial tribunal. But unless it also raises the upper compensation limit, that would only have given the Magnet strikers a maximum of £12,000.

## RBS sets aside £60m for bad debts in Asia

Alex Brummer Financial Editor

**T**HE Royal Bank of Scotland is to make heavy provisions against its loans to South-east Asia when it produces its half-yearly results next month. The bank's internal projections of potential bad debts on loans to the region are in the order of £60 million — about 5 per cent of full-year profits. The difficulties incurred by RBS in Asia confirm suggestions from more experienced bank lenders, including Standard Chartered, that the biggest losers from the Asian crisis are the newcomers, rather than the old hands with a better grip on the risks of lending. The bulk of the RBS's lending has been in the three problem countries — South Korea, Thailand and Indonesia. The most worrying exposure is in Indonesia, where conditions are still unsettled despite three separate plans by the International Monetary Fund to stabilise the country's economy.

The disappointing performance on its Far East portfolio has come at a time when RBS has suffered some setbacks. Profits at its Direct Line insurance subsidiary have been under pressure as a result of competition in the telephone-selling market. The bank's hopes of extending its share of the mortgage market and gaining access to a branch network in the Midlands have also been set back by the Halifax's intervention in the fight for Birmingham Midshires, where RBS's exclusive deal has been waived. The British banks have weathered the storm in East Asia fairly well, despite Britain's extensive interests in the region. A decade ago, the exposure of Lloyds, Midland and, to lesser extent, Barclays in Latin America led to huge difficulties for the banking sector from which it has only recovered during the last five years. Despite its problems, however, RBS results, due on May 7, should be reasonably healthy, fuelled by the good returns available in retail banking and from its American offshoot, Citizens Bank.

## Rail firm in subsidy row

Keth Harper Transport Editor

**C**ONNEX, the French-owned rail company, yesterday demanded an extra £155 million in Government subsidies as part of a franchise extension to run commuter services from London to Brighton and the south coast for up to 15 years. The poorly performing company has told franchise director John O'Brien that it cannot extend the money needed to introduce new trains unless its franchise is extended from its present seven years. The rail pressure group, Save our Railways, described

the move as "outrageous". Keith Bill, its national secretary, said: "Connex is moving the goalposts. It accepted a seven-year franchise in 1994, and now wants an extension at taxpayers' expense." Connex was the only one of the 25 rail companies which secured the option of a franchise extension to 2010. It said yesterday that the extra £155 million had been agreed at the time. Officials from Mr O'Brien's office were yesterday mystified, however. There is no reference to the amount in the franchise director's latest annual report. If Connex were to receive the extra cash its total subsidy over 14 years

would amount to more than £500 million. Antoine Hurel, Connex chief executive, said that there was no "technical reason" why it should not get the money. The company is offering to spend almost £380 million on new and refurbished trains and station improvements if it gets the extension. He said Connex would introduce 150 refurbished trains by the end of next year and the first of 350 new trains by 2001 — promising "value for money". Any decision by Mr O'Brien will be based on the company's performance but it will have to be backed by Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott.

## British Gas sees custom dwindle

Nicholas Bannister and Colin Weston

**C**USTOMERS of the former British Gas are leaving the privatised energy group in droves since the introduction of competition in the domestic gas market two years ago. Figures published yesterday by Ofgas, the industry regulator, show that 1.5 million people have switched to a different supplier and that a further 2 million are waiting to do so. Clare Spottiswood, the director general of Ofgas, said: "This 3.5 million represents around 17.5 per cent of the whole market."

People were switching because alternative suppliers were offering savings of up to £70 a year on the average bill, she said. About three-quarters of all homes now have a choice of gas supplier. Centrica, the domestic gas supply company now merged from British Gas, yesterday claimed that more than 120,000 customers had returned to it or switched to gas from electricity, however. Shareholders at the annual meeting in London yesterday voted Noel Falconer, a long-time campaigner for small shareholders' rights, onto the board against the wishes of directors — a decision likely to be reversed in a poll of all shareholders.

## Magazines gain television role

Simon Beavis Media Business Editor

**M**AGAZINE publishers were celebrating last night their freedom to ally with the main TV companies, Channel 4 and Channel 5, to make programmes bearing the brand of their publications. The Independent Television Commission decided to allow "mainstream programmes", giving the two terrestrial channels parity with satellite and cable. Channel 5 is thought to be the keenest to deal with magazine publishers. Mainstream programming — where a show is funded or made by a magazine and

carries the title's name — has made only modest progress on cable and satellite. Ideal Home magazine is one of the few to have a deal with cable. Publishers have been campaigning for three years, however, for clearance to deal with the main terrestrial broadcasters as a way of promoting title awareness and lifting sales in a competitive market. Strict rules will seek to ensure that the channels have editorial control of the programmes and that shows are not used to promote magazine articles. The ITC is insisting that there are no references within the programme to

the publication or to articles, even in images such as logos on clothing or sets. Fearson, the media group that owns the Financial Times, continued its slow programme of disposals yesterday by agreeing to sell its consumer magazines businesses to a venture capital group for £142 million. The buyer is a team led by Apar Partners, and includes Chris Anderson, founder of Future Publishing, and the Pearson division's management. The sale comprises Future Publishing, French computing magazine publisher Edicorp and the Futurant Web site.

## News in brief

### Unions to fight pension injustice

Trade unions will launch a campaign next week calling for the abolition of a practice they say results in millions of pensioners having part of their retirement income "clawed back" by employers.

The Trades Union Congress, GMB, MSF and Unifi unions are campaigning against the way many pension schemes reduce employees' final pension by including the value of the basic state pension. Almost half the country's private occupational schemes operate so-called integration and up to 2.5 million pensioners lose an average of £3,000 a year, said banking union Unifi. "It would be good to see this made illegal. There is no reason why employers should be able to get away with it," said Unifi national officer Patrick Braut.

### Glaxo drug setback

Glaxo yesterday halted work on a new drug to provide effective treatment for septic shock. The compound was in the final phase of testing. Glaxo had planned to file for approval in Europe and the

US in 2001. Septic shock is caused when bacteria overwhelm the body, and often strikes hospital patients. There are some 500,000 cases a year in Europe and the US, of which half are fatal. Glaxo said its trials raised "serious doubts" that its drug cut the death rate. Its shares tumbled 35p to 1565p.

### More MEPs disposals

Property company MEPC has almost completed its restructuring with the sale of a portfolio of offices and industrial premises in the US for £220 million. The company, which plans to hand back at least £300 million to shareholders, came under pressure last year for its poor performance. After three potential managers came to nothing, the group decided to concentrate on its British interests.

### Lawson quits Barclays

Lord Lawson is to stand down from his £86,000-a-year job as non-executive director at Barclays Bank. The 65-year-old former Chancellor, now famed as much for his diet advice as for his handling of the economy, ran into problems with Barclays' shareholders last year after advertising unit trusts for M&G.

TOURIST RATES — BANK RATES

Australia 2.40	Germany 2.91/96	Malaysia 6.30	Singapore 2.29
Austria 20.51	Greece 110.43	Mexico 0.53	South Africa 2.50
Belgium 65.19	Hong Kong 12.36	Netherlands 3.28	Spain 166.39
Canada 2.33	India 65.11	New Zealand 2.80	Sweden 12.81
Cyprus 0.85	Ireland 1.157	Norway 12.16	Switzerland 2.40
Denmark 11.18	Israel 6.52	Portugal 206.19	Turkey 396.570
Finland 6.93	Italy 2.903	Saudi Arabia 8.14	USA 1.8906
France 9.76			

Supplied by Reuters (excluding rupee, shilling and riyal)



Longest-running strike ends, page 11

## FinanceGuardian

Cold War budgets are just a memory, but the money in defence is still too tempting to ignore

## Crack Brits lead the charge



On target... British Aerospace, whose Rapier system is used by students at the Royal School of Artillery (above), is set for a key role in Europe

## MARK MILNER and NICHOLAS BANNISTER report on big changes in the arms industry

**T**HIS week a UK company paid \$1.4 billion (\$240 million) for a US defence firm little known outside the industry. Even on the City's rarified

Richter scale of bids, the deal was chunky enough to register. But shouldn't big deals in defence be ever so slightly passé? The Cold War is long since over. Defence budgets

have been slashed. Western governments are giving their defence chiefs fewer "toys" with which to play. If the industrial pickings cannot be described as thin, they are at least a lot leaner than they used to be. The risks have got bigger too. The old days of cost-plus are a fading memory. Companies can no longer rely on a cosy relationship with national government to retain a steady

flow of orders to keep both shareholders and workers happy. Defence ministries remain key customers, but in Europe they now turn up in mass formation looking for cross-border corporate consortium solutions. As if that were not enough, a sudden flurry of mergers in the US defence industry has created a trio of global giants, Boeing, Lockheed Martin and Hughes Raytheon, which will give even the hardest competitor pause.

Against such a background one might expect the exit signs to be flashing over the sector, especially in Europe. But though there has been the odd exit — Siemens for example — and a degree of consolidation, a surprising number of European companies still fancy the defence industry as a money-maker.

Britain, France and Germany this week awarded a \$2 billion contract to a consortium including the UK's GKN for the so-called battlefield taxi. As this week's award of the contract for the so-called battlefield taxi, showed there are still tasty deals out there to be won. Just a snip at \$2.5 million apiece, the multi-role armoured vehicle (MRV) will cost the equivalent of 16 new Rolls-Royce Silver Seraph cars. No wonder Vickers, which is about to sell the luxury car maker, tried to grab a slice of the action.

Governments might want to borrow a phrase, more bang for their bucks these days, but for those prepared to play by the new rules there are still tempting rewards to be had. Britain's defence companies are well placed to take advantage of the current corporate merry-go-round.

Some, too, are showing signs of a refreshing scepticism towards the accepted wisdom that any solution will have to be entirely European. The first advantage is the structure of the UK defence industry. It is built around publicly quoted groups which are often focused on aerospace and defence. That makes it easier, when opportunity knocks, to make big corporate moves — in sharp contrast to the French Socialist government's grudging approach to privatisation, which coupled with a reluctance to pass out of national control, has so far hampered restructuring.

UK front runner in the Euro rationalisation stakes is British Aerospace. It will be the key player in the concentration of so-called "platform makers" — builders of aircraft, missiles and the like. At the core alongside BAE, should be France's Aerospace and Germany's Daimler-

Benz Aerospace (a subsidiary of Daimler-Benz) — already partners in the Airbus consortium. The door, however, will be left open for defence equipment makers from other countries.

Governments are putting their weight behind the combination and if the latest missive from the Department of Trade and Industry is anything to go by, European Aerospace (for want of a better term) will be built to British design specifications. "The company is to have a unified management, it is to be managed along commercial lines, it is to be able to access the capital market and to be listed on the stock exchange and it is not to be dominated by individual blocks of shareholdings."

France's defence minister Alain Richard will not need Tony Blair to translate. Nor will BAE's management or shareholders play by any other rules.

The second leg of defence revolves around "systems" — the expensive electronics that are supposed to make aeroplanes and missiles do what their controllers want. Britain's key company here is GEC — though the group also builds warships and submarines. Under the leadership of Lord Simpson the group is increasing the focus on its defence electronics business, GEC Marconi.

GEC is not without its European ambitions but the initial exclusion from privatisation of Thomson-CSF (which Paris would like to make the core of a European defence electronics bloc) has helped ensure that, Janus-like, the UK group has continued to also look across the Atlantic. It was GEC which this week tied up the \$1.4 billion acquisition of the US defence group Tracor. Coupled with GEC's existing US defence business, that makes the British group number six in the Pentagon pecking order — though well adrift of the leaders.

Some analysts reckon that the most important aspect of the Tracor deal is that it will provide a platform for further US acquisitions, perhaps Northrop Grumman if US trust busters sink its acquisition by Lockheed Martin. The struggle for this battlefield taxi order showed the brave new world of defence will have its winners and losers. Though it will be years before profits from the order start to flow through to GKN's bottom line, its success coupled with negotiations with Italy's Finmeccanica over a merger of their respective helicopter businesses, Westland and Agusta — have given the UK group a strong say in the

future of the industry. By contrast battle tank maker Vickers, which lost out on the MRV contract, is in danger of falling behind some of its rivals.

Not everyone has yet been dragged into the burly burly of corporate change. Aero engine maker Rolls-Royce, which gets around a third of its sales from the defence sector, has its joint ventures but has remained aloof from the raft of rationalisation/restructuring initiatives. Radio-radar maker Racal, too, remains enthusiastically independent and like Rolls-Royce, prefers to form joint ventures and alliances on a project by project basis.

Others will look to hold on to places in specialised niches, changing partners with bigger players on a contract by contract basis.

Which ever way they choose to meet the challenge of the future, from full scale alliance to splendid isolation, Europe's weapons makers know they have a fight on their hands.

## Europe's leading players

**BRITISH AEROSPACE**  
Sales: \$2.6 billion  
Profits: £299 million  
Workforce: 43,000

Britain's best hope for European honours. Well established through the globally successful Airbus partnership and retains useful links with the US. Sometimes feels that the level of domestic support falls below that of competitors.

The group is not short of cash, pocketing \$784 million from the sale of the bulk of its stake in mobile-phone company, Oranga and is planning a stock market flotation of its Arlington property business.

Under pressure from the Government to take lead role in forming European team to take on the US.

**GEC**  
Sales: £11.1 billion  
Profits: £707 million  
Workforce: 80,000

Has plenty of cash and a solid record but traditionally regarded as inclined to play safe. Under new management, however, the group is taking a more adventurous stance, moving away from joint ventures towards structures where it has management control and the sale of a series of non-core operations.

Defence is central to the new strategy with electronic systems and defence accounting for almost 40 per cent of profits. The Tracor deal was greeted with some relief among City supporters but there is likely to be a bigger cheer if the UK group is able to take on at least part of Northrop Grumman. Despite last year's snub over Thomson-CSF, GEC continues to increase its European experience. The latest foray was a complicated link-up with Italy's Alenia Difesa.

**Rolls-Royce**  
Sales: £4.3 billion  
Profits: £276 million  
Employees: 42,000

After going bust in the 1970s, made a recovery concentrating on its high-flying aerospace team. Most of the money comes from civil interests, but last year brought in £1.4 billion, a third of total receipts. Wants to remain independent though it is happy to see its players working with others at home or overseas. Largest European player in the aeroengine business, main rivals being the American teams General Electric and Pratt and Whitney.

Investment in the Trent engine family was a smart move, with family members increasingly in demand to power planes throughout the world. Together, with other partners, it is developing projects for the future, such as Eurojet 200, the power behind the coming Eurofighter 2000 team.

**Vickers**  
Sales: £1.2 billion  
Profits: £19.4 million  
Employees: 10,000

Struggling after selling Rolls-Royce Motor Cars to Germans for £340 million or more, so that it can spend more on its existing businesses — defence, propul-

sion and Cosworth high performance engines. Strategy has been dented by the failure to sign MRV, increasingly reliant on defence, which accounts for 30 per cent of revenues. A new order for heavyweight Challenger 2 tank would help offset the setback. Engaged in a very competitive race to sign up new defence players, notably Terrier, Tracor and FET.

**GKN**  
Sales: £3.4 billion  
Profits: £406 million  
Employees: 35,000

This group is being reinvigorated by new manager, Hong Kong-born C K Chow, but needs partners to stay in the defence industry's premier league. Underperforming players have been replaced, but the new ones have no defence experience.

GKN's defence lies with armoured vehicles, which has just gained Europe's MRV, likely to be worth £5 billion in the long term, and with Westland which is planning to merge with Italy's state-owned Agusta to form the world's second largest helicopter business.

However civil operations account for 80 per cent of sales. Strategy is to concentrate on the Sinter metal business, helicopters, aerospace structures and the unglamorous but stalwart car components.

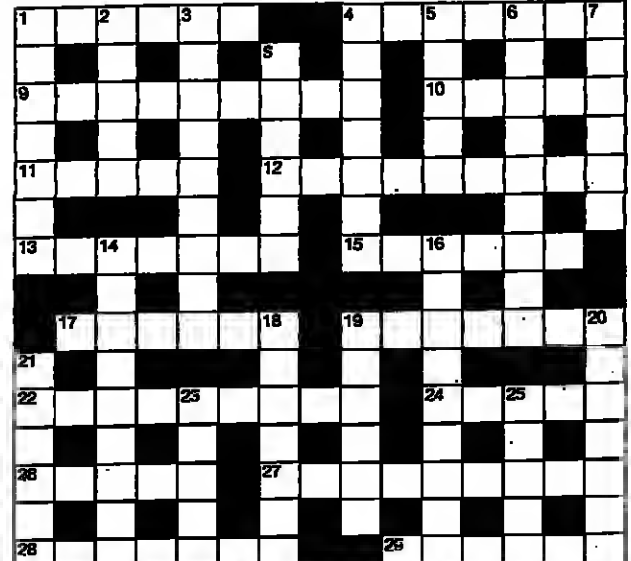
Spending on purchases over the next few years thought likely to exceed £1 billion.

## Guardian COLLINS Crossword 21,258

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to The Guardian Crossword, P.O. Box 14641, London, EC1R 3JX, or Fax to 0171 713 4735 by first post on Friday Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday May 4.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Tick here if you do not wish to receive further information from the Guardian Media Group or other companies screened by us ☐



## Set by Araucaria

**Across**  
1 Father going too fast — high church job (6)  
4 Pathetic name of many in 1 across, looking broken too (7)  
9 Roman officer in counter-revolution (6)  
10 The proper side (5)  
11 See 5  
12 Companion to single vendor, one who is dishonest (6)

13, 6 Fillet foliage with hoe — but it does move, wrote 21 (3,4,2,7)  
15 Rufus's archbishop (solution, a tree) (6)  
17 Intuitive feeling, not complete, about Ulster barbarian (6)  
19, 21 9, if he were still with us at the end of months, ordered a separation without a junction (7,6)  
22 Get one's own back in the matter of a chestnut, say (5)

**Down**  
1 Choose to have a ground-breaker ready? (4,3)  
2 Write to the church for 24s (5)  
3, 26, 8 21's white figure: insert what it's made of? (9,5,6)  
4 21's wordplay turning tail (7)  
5, 24, 11 21's equivalent to Tommy Steele's film? (10,5)  
6 See 13  
7 The day for wrath as a literary form (6)  
9 See 3  
14 Utter destruction of a cute 9 (9)  
16 Stammering roles raised trouble — torture in Shakespeare (5)  
18 See 29  
19 21's place as a song writer (6)  
20 Bewilder sailor (report in the Sun) (7)  
21 See 19 across  
22 Dressed for one's birthday, not for the conference chamber (5)  
23 Refusal uttered in the stable? (5)



## CROSSWORD SOLUTION 21,257

**Across**  
1 Jam — thinly applied? (6)  
4 Corruption (6)  
9 Go ahead — give someone some money (7)  
10 Laconic (5)  
11 Throw — from bowler to batsman? (5)  
12 Dig up (7)  
13 Extinct flying reptile (11)  
15 Dais (7)  
20 Bring up the question — of more pay? (5)  
22 Undersized person (5)

23 Restricted — sort of company? (7)  
24 Loophole (6)  
25 Ruddy (6)

**Down**  
1 Neat and elegant — and grumpy! (6)  
2 Bolt (5)  
3 Leopard — possibly pink? (7)  
5 Unfasten (5)  
6 Despect (7)  
7 Bolt (6)

17 Took notice (6)  
19 Strip — a firearm (5)  
21 Bury (5)

23 Stuck? Call our solutions line on 0991 336 248. Calls cost 50p per minute at all times. Service supplied by ATS

Published by Guardian Newspapers Limited at 115 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER, and at 184 Desborough, Manchester M20 2RE. Printed at Westbury Press Ltd, 235 West Ferry Road, London E14 6NU, and at Trafalgar Park Printers, Longbridge Road, Manchester M17 1SL. The-Druckerei GmbH, Adm.-Rosendahl-Strasse 1, 6076 Neu-Isenburg/Zippelsheln, Germany. Nord-Edat, 15/21 rue du Colas, BP58 - 69052 Roubaix, Cedex 1, France, for and on

behalf of the Guardian and Manchester Evening News PLC, 47, 158, Saturday, April 25, 1998.  
Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office ISSN 0261-307  
London Telephone 0171-278 2332  
Fax 0171-837 2114; 1071-838 8342  
Telephone sales 0171-811 9000

Manchester Telephone 0161-332 7200,  
Fax 0161-332 3351/3354 6717,  
Telex 940000 sales 0161-534 8666  
NEWSPAPERS  
SUPPORT  
RECYCLING  
Recycled paper made  
up 41.4% of the new  
material for UK  
newspapers in the  
first half of 1997

صباحنا من الامم



# Arts

Burgers in the frame: Why the experts think this picture may be a fake 16



# Books

England - that sinking feeling. A salute to those going down with the ship 17

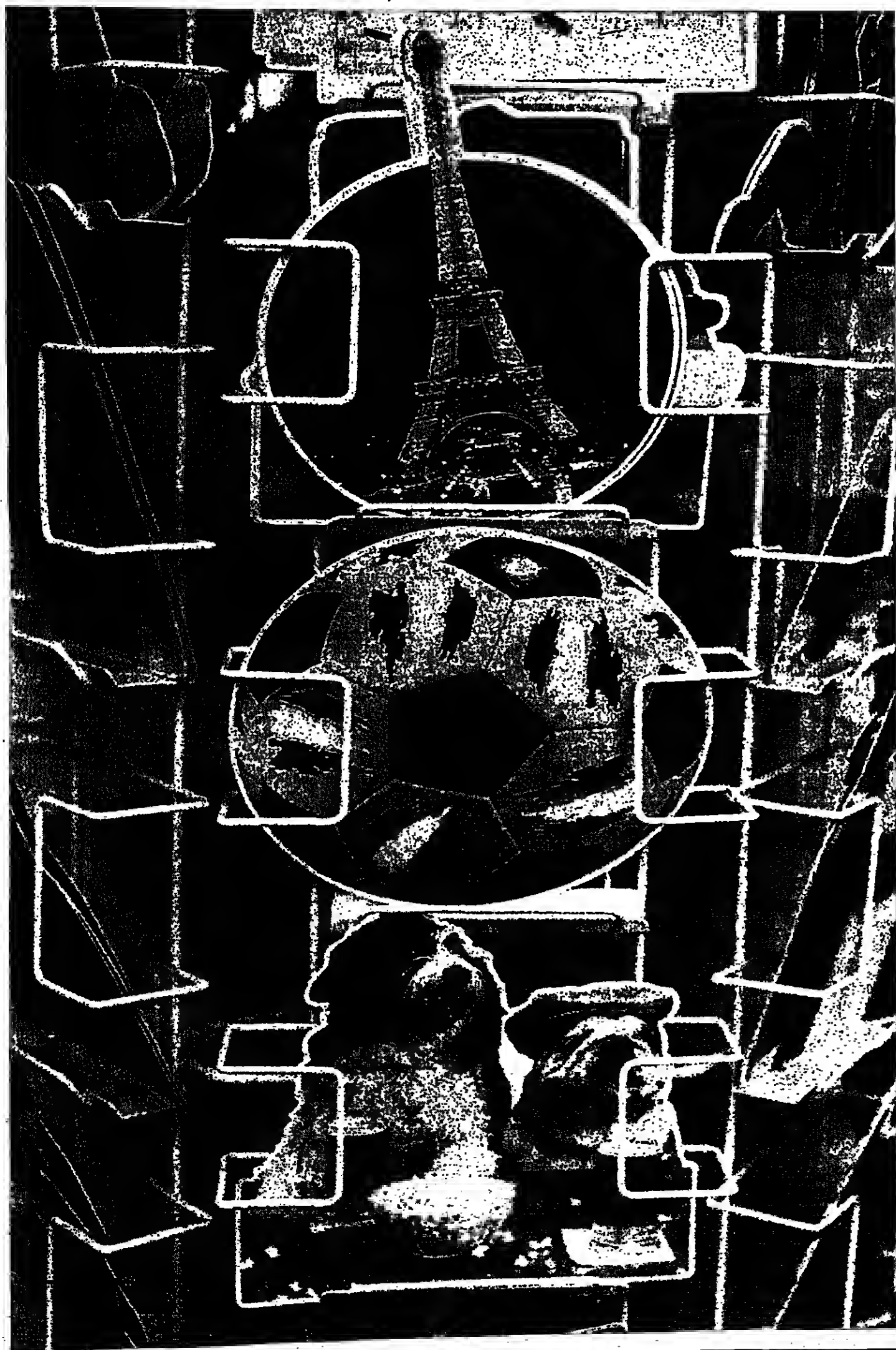


# satursday

April 25 1998

If there's one thing **Howard Jacobson** hates more than football, it's France. With only six weeks to go until World Cup kick-off, he prepares himself for the onslaught ahead with a jaunt around Paris

## Dog days by the Seine



**T**hat it should come to this: a British Prime Minister who not only speaks French but affects to be at home in the popular culture.

At least John Major looked like a man who loved cricket. Of all species of middle English imposture, the two most excruciating are indubitably these — an affectation of enthusiasm for sport, especially football, and an affectation of enthusiasm for foreign ways, especially French. On the surface they may appear to answer to contradictory impulses; the one a homesickness for mud, the other a yearning for the sunnier. But experience teaches us that a secret conviction of profound personal pretentiousness, manifested as premature baldness or an incapacity to converse normally with your own children, is the explanation for both.

And now, by malign coincidence, the two are to meet in a sort of *dance macabre* — macabre for the rest of us, that is — in Coupe du Monde '98, World Cup Football. Too cruel anywhere, but cruellest of all in France.

So I won't be going? Wrong. I am Eurostarred even as I speak, en route to Paris, taking up the French tourism minister's invitation to come and enjoy French culture whether or not I have a World Cup ticket. To be on the safe side, though, I am six weeks early. That way I won't get caught up in any unseasonal crush.

Setting aside school visits to France, I have only ever been to Paris on honeymoons. Conventional of me, I know. Moonlit walks by the Seine, kisses under the Eiffel Tower, dinner beneath the creamy domes of Montmartre — all that stuff. You get married, you go to Paris. I'm not ashamed of that. At least I never tried to speak the language. Or went to see Paris St Germain play Bordeaux.

This time, though, I'm going to do the lot. Come the Coupe du Monde I will be chuffed. In accordance with which ambition, I slip into WH Smith's to buy all the requisite right-on young persons' handbooks: the Time Out Guide to Paris, the Lonely Planet Guide to Paris, the Rough Guide's World Cup special, and of course that Bible of the self-effacing, nice-guy, pop-loving, university-educated, Baddiel-and-Pavarotti football fan (who is not so exclusively a bloke, either, that he cannot attend to the child and woman in himself) — Nick Hornby's *Fever Pitch*.

Except that I cannot quite bring myself to make that final purchase. I try, I reach across and send the appropriate message to my fingers, but they fall limp. There are some things that even your body won't let you own. It's too late for you, my fingers say. You're a Grown Man, not a New Lad.

Otherwise, I am travelling with an open mind. The big flat cold wet "hand-crafted" bun I eat at Waterloo — hand-crafted to look like ciabatta but not to taste like it — has me thinking of the crusty bread I will soon be eating in France; and when Paris finally leaps out of a fold in the green hills, like a child's



Requiem on the terraces (above) and brio-e-bree in the shops (left) ... the French way of football is already in place. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN GOWIN

pop-up birthday card, I don't begrudge myself an exhalation. Ahhh, Paris! Wasn't there a poem we read at school comparing Paris now to an angel, now to a grisette or seamstress, and now to a courtesan? Ah Paris, you divine short-sighted wanton, you!

Out of some perversion of the old honeymoon impulse, I go to view the grisettes — the working courtesans of Pigalle — the moment I've unpacked, turning right out of my hotel and then right again up the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, which roughly translated means Our Lady of Easy Virtue Street. I take my hat off to a culture as worldly as this. France 1.

### How long have I been here? An hour? And already I'm a Francophile

England 0. And the gap widens. Halfway up the street is the Place St-Georges, a lovely curving, even, curvaceous square, with a bust of the artist Paul Gavarni in the middle, and over his right shoulder the Hotel de La Paive, once home to the courtesan la plus adulée of the Second Empire, built in a style simultaneously *gothique romantique* and *erotic*.

Think of that — a square dedicated, as an act of moral and architectural principle, to bought love. France 10, England 0.

How long have I been here? An hour? And already I'm a Francophile. That's what happens when an Englishman leaves his home. So how are the fever-pitched, already so much more vulnerable than I am, ever going to cope?

Presumably they wouldn't dream of showing their faces in so louche a place as this. Come the disappointments of England losing to Tunisia in Marseille, Romania in Toulouse, and Colombia in Lens, I'm assuming that they'll spend their last night reflecting on the meaning of it all at the Comédie Française, leaving the Place Pigalle to the unreconstructed rowdies.

But the area won't be a doddle for the hooligans either. Pigalle is

no Soho. The skinshows are grand and expensive, and the girls are designed to make the faint-hearted faint. None of your English girl-next-door hair-net-and-slippers look here. Barely visible through the smoky windows, the demi-mondaines sit cross-legged at the bars, as much obscured as illuminated by the purple and orange lights, their eyes as hard as Paris cobbles, daring you to prove you're a man.

Which could be the reason not much is going on even though it's a Friday night and the rain is by no means too heavy to put out passion. Thus, it's Passover, but even so you'd expect it to be busier. Maybe this is simply the lull before the World Cup storm. Or maybe Pigalle never was as busy as it seemed to be in our imaginations when we came here on those school trips in the late fifties, wondering how we were ever going to give our French teacher the slip.

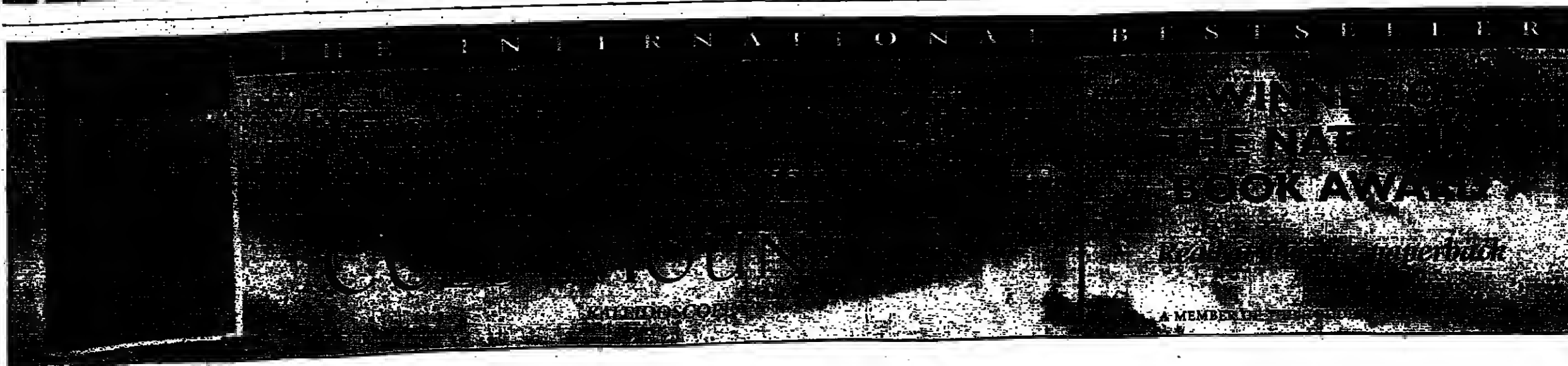
Everywhere that wasn't home seemed to teem with vitality in those days. Everywhere that wasn't home seemed sadder, seemed to stay open longer, seemed to serve tastier food, invited you to stranger pleasures. Now you can get a better French meal in Cheltenham than you can in Paris, and people dress with more style in the centre of Birmingham than they do in the Faubourg-St-Honoré. It's the strange pleasures we still haven't mastered.

But then we want to stay children, don't we? Which is why books by New Lads always have pictures of the authors as little boys on their covers. And why we have a soft spot for the *fauteuils* and their breathing baby look-alikes the Spice Girls. And why we are so tolerant of the infantilism of football festivals? We know that if you can interest little boys in swapping World Cup stickers and fridge magnets, there's a chance they'll keep their hands out of their pants a while longer.

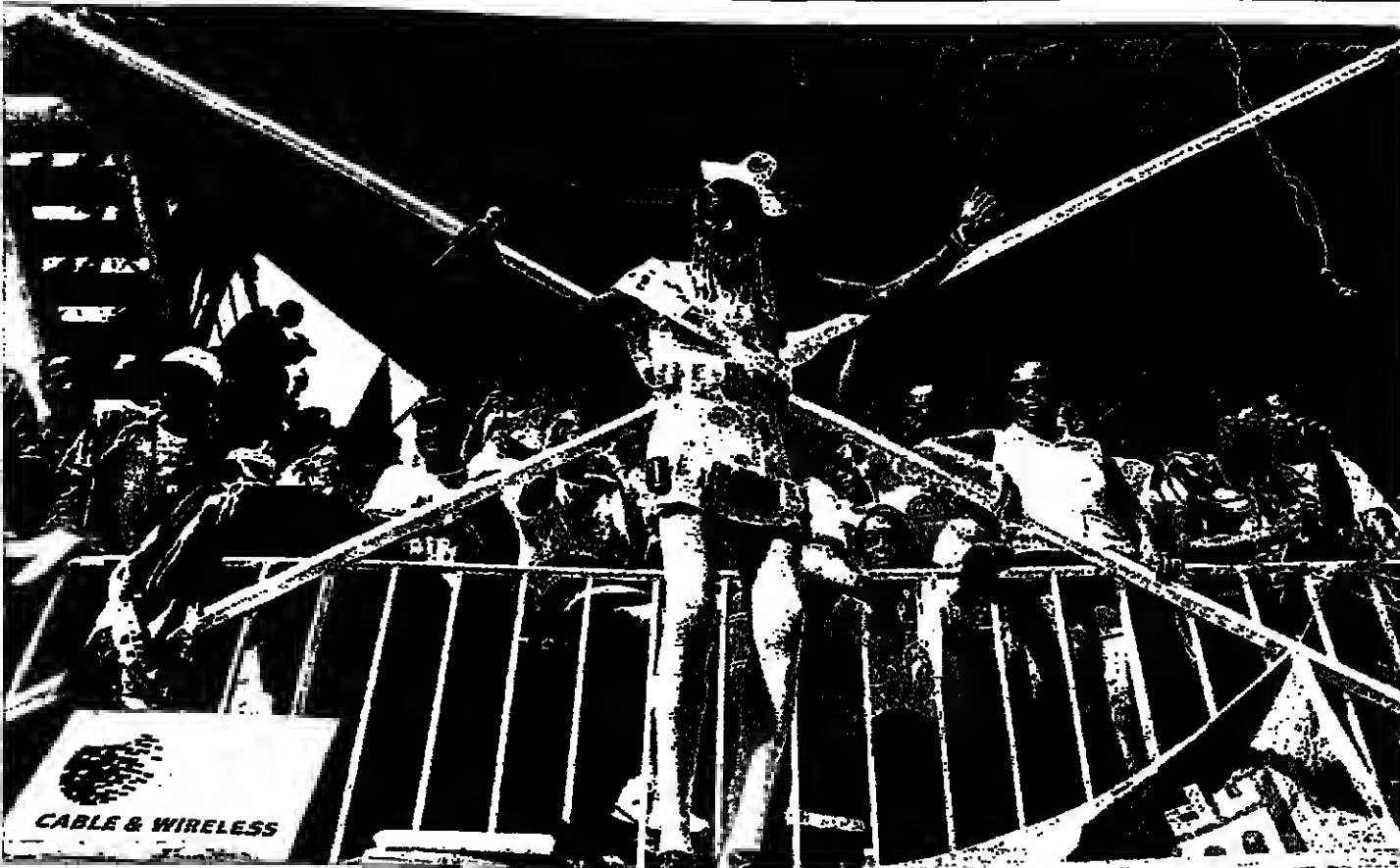
This may very well explain our reputation for violence, too. Little boys have big tempers. What strikes me at once as I join the crowds making for the Saturday night match at the Parc des Princes — for this time I am going to watch Paris St Germain play Bordeaux — is how peaceable and philosophic everybody looks. Why it should be, in that case, that there are armies of riot police scrutinising us as we go in, grizzled veterans of the Algerian and Congolese wars, padded and mounted and bearing riot shields, and the more frightening somehow for being elderly, I am unable to explain. It would be too easy to surmise that it's the presence of the Foreign Legion that is keeping us quiet.

My guess is that this is a practice run for the Coupe du Monde, in particular for the third-place play-off which will be held at this ground the day before the final itself, and might just involve England. In which event, my advice to any English fan who fancies a rumble would be to get legless in the Place Pigalle instead, and stay there. There, at least, you should get away with only your manly self-respect impaired, and you will

page 14







West Indian fans showing the English during the recent tour how to really enjoy their cricket

# What is a true Brit?

Should Britishness be redefined to recognise black immigration?

Yes	No
<b>Darcus Howe</b> Writer and broadcaster	<b>Peregrine Worsthorne</b> Former editor, Sunday Telegraph

Darcus Howe and Peregrine Worsthorne have been touring the country making a programme about Britishness for television

**Dear Darcus,**  
At the beginning of our TV journey, in answer to my question whether you feel British, you replied, a shade tartly, "Not only do I feel British, I am British." Fair enough. Trinidad, where you were born and brought up, was a British colony and, as an immigrant to Britain, you became a British citizen with a British passport. But I don't think you were simply making a legal point about citizenship, passport, etc. You were also speaking from the heart. Your Trinidadian father, you told me, was a Church of England minister; you had an English education — mercifully in the pre-Cool Britannia days; learnt English history, glorifying in British victories; read English classics; sang English hymns; played cricket; imbibed the English gentlemanly virtues of fair play, good manners and moral courage; even, I dare say, ate roast beef on Sundays and bacon and eggs for breakfast. So you are not only English legally but also culturally and emotionally, down to the very marrow of your being.

Not all Commonwealth immigrants are English in this profound sense. Those from the Indian subcontinent, for example, with different religions and different cultures, obviously have rather more difficulty in fitting in. But for you there was no comparable clash of loyalties; and, with your formidable height and girth, you even look a bit like John Bull. Your command of the English

language should put most of your fellow countrymen — particularly skinhead patriots waving Union Jacks on the terraces — to shame. In other words, you are a true Briton after my own heart. But because you are black, lots of our fellow countrymen won't agree with this. For that same imperial history which makes you British, also makes most Britons over 40 colour-prejudiced. Would you object if I called this the bondage of history, from which you have escaped, or have risen above? I fear it will be many years before the bulk of British blacks will be as fortunate. Do you agree?

Yours sincerely,  
Sir Peregrine Worsthorne

**Dear Perry,**  
You still haven't got it right, after those long days in front of and behind the camera. Your description of me is only partially correct and conceals more than it reveals. When I refer to myself as British, it means I am redefining what Britishness is.

I am a descendant of plantation slaves brought from Africa to the Caribbean. The mix and muddle between master and slave, the ceaseless quest for freedom, and my alliances with members of your tribe in pursuit of liberation are as much your history as they are mine.

There may have been a cerebral desire for a return to Africa, but practically it was impossible. This means, of course, that we are irrevocably linked. There is much more marrow in the bone than you care to admit. You seem determined to limit my existence only to the cultural habits of the "master".

months ago. "One Salman Rushdie," they say. "There's only one Salman Rushdie..." And they say it's the French who are literate.

No references to persecuted novelists where I am sitting in the Parc des Princes. No references to anything. They are mute. Sure, there is boisterousness of the jumping up and down sort behind both goals, but even this is awkwardly English — fans calling themselves the CRAZY GANG, and the BOULOGNE BOYS, putting their own words to such songs as Roll Out The Barrel and Yellow Submarine. What you get for having Je Ne Regrette Rien

I eat rice and peas, dance to the distant drums bounding on the laughter of a melody. I play cricket with the spontaneity and *jolie dévotion* of the recently manumitted. I sing with tonality and rhythm which express the experience of a deep and morally unjustified oppression.

These add a new dimension to what is Britishness. A new generation of your tribe is in the process of incorporating these with comparative ease and the journey is far from over.

We met many young whites on our travels making the film, and they seemed all too eager to explain this as a process in motion. They defy exclusivity, which the preceding generation took for granted, and are wise to the fact that race, and race alone, has kept their parents and grandparents from being enriched by the cultural flow which they themselves had unwittingly created, in part at least.

Time still  
Sincerely,  
Darcus Howe

**Dear Darcus,**  
You are quite right. It never occurred to me that you really meant all that guff about redefining Britishness — about as misguided an undertaking as Tony Blair's presumptuous claim to be re-branding Britain. Spare us, please, such uncharacteristic — for you, if not for Blair — soundbites.

Of course I did not mean to suggest that you were some kind of latter-day Uncle Tom or black Colonel Blimp, slavishly anxious to adopt the out-of-date values of British imperialism. What I did suppose, and perhaps this was wishful thinking, was that you shared fundamental British values, like a sense of humour — which existed long before the imperial period and still survives, I hope, today. By comparison with these fundamentals, a different cultural palette, musical tradition or cricket style scarcely matter, and indeed are already happily becoming a part of the British way of life, with curry, for example, now almost as traditional as roast beef.

Where there is still a problem, however, is in the matter of power and race prejudice — untypical British intonances which grew out of the responsibilities of empire and can safely be discarded now that the imperial burden has been relinquished. "Limit your existence to the cultural habits of the master-race." Chuck it, Darcus. Can't you understand that we are now playing on the same side? Somewhat less admirably, but still no less affectionately, Yours ever,  
Perry

**My Dear Perry,**  
Hope by that end of our correspondence your admiration returns, but a man's got to write what a man's got to write. On the same side? Yes, but there is much about the position that has to be discussed, much tactics and strategy to get right. I suppose you did not see the trial of Enoch Powell on Channel 4. I presented, and a jury of 250 people, mostly from the Midlands, voted that he was not a racist, and that his speech 30 years ago did no damage to race relations.

Apart from the verdict, I had this deep sense that large sections of the audience felt that white is right, that as your national anthem.

As for the game itself, all football matches are dull if you don't care who wins

As for the game itself, all football matches are dull if you don't care who wins

being British has deep racial significance. In cosmopolitan London there is less of this, and there were moments in that programme I felt the burdens of Sisyphus.

I will not take seriously your dismissal about redefining Britishness. Let me try once more. I have always responded to labels and definitions as historical. The definition of what is British is not fixed, fast and frozen, nor as fundamental as you think. And to incorporate experiences brought here through immigration from different parts of the Empire is to refine, or to put another way, to recognise the ongoing transformation.

I say again that the exclusive philosophy which underpins white racism retards changes that are vital to social peace and coherence. If our side is unanimous on this point, then the crusade for change has a greater chance of success. And by the way, your description of me did seem indignantly blimpish. At least my wife Lella shares my view on this. Be of good cheer, sincerely,  
Darcus

**My dear Darcus,**  
You are right. White racism still exists, at least under the skin. How could it be otherwise? My father, the gentlest of men who died in the late 1970s, always refused to sit down to dinner with a black man. And even in my school days, African blacks and African white beasts were portrayed in novels as having more in common with each other than with the white man whose job it was to tame the latter and civilise the former.

That lengthy process of indoctrination will take an equally long time to disappear. What I worry about is that your patronising talk of redefining Britishness, as if the inclusion of Caribbean must change us natives out of all recognition — for the better, of course — will slow down, rather than accelerate, this evolutionary process, particularly in middle England. Some truths are best left unsaid.

As for making you sound blimpish, in my book that was intended as a compliment. So please make this clear to Lella, your lovely wife, whom I hope to see again soon.

Once again, admiringly,  
Yours ever,  
Perry

**Dear Perry,**  
For three years or so, I have been trying to convince broadcasters that a Peregrine/Darcus encounter would, in the discipline of the television documentary, over time begin to strip the debate of hide-bound clichés, of moral simplicity, of thoughtless jargon. I do not know just yet if we have succeeded.

Our discourse, indeed our travels, are far from over. I sense a small gap created by the fact that our televised journey did not start in the Caribbean where the real story began. Let us hope that some broadcaster would take up the challenge and set things right. Only then will we be able to understand the relationship between the Caribbean, a modern creation, and the UK.

Sure to see you soon,  
Darcus

England, My England is on Channel 4 tomorrow night at 8pm

## Smallweed



Those who hope to keep that indefensible institution, the House of Lords, much as it is, will point to this week's report of its science and technology committee (on superbugs which defy anti-biotics) as one more proof that the calibre of the upper chamber is superior to that of the lower. Though that claim is frequently overstated, in the case of select committees it's thoroughly justified. Their reports have a clout and authority which reports of Commons select committees too often lack. You only have to look at the line-up of this one to see why this is.

But before some rampant adorer of high-born people in ermine (Simon Heffer, perhaps) starts getting over-excited, let us note that, of the dozen members of the committee (four being co-opted) all but two were life peers. That is where the true expertise tends to belong.

It is perfectly true to say that if the Lords were to be wholly elected, that element would be lost. One cannot imagine, for instance, Lord Porter of Luddenham trudging about on some damp West Midlands housing estate in the guise of soliciting votes. That is why a mere two decades ago the Guardian recommended a mixed-personnel chamber with nominees like these peers sitting alongside elected members: outnumbered two to one by their elected brothers and sisters, certainly, and entitled on the floor of the House to speak but not to vote; but still there to give us reports as distinguished as this one.

It was odd to see last weekend that the expression "emotionally correct", as a touchy-feely equivalent of "politically correct", was attributed to the scourge of Diana, Professor O'Hear, who used it in his distaste for the Social Affairs Unit. It's very much older than that. It has previously been attributed to the columnist Christopher Hitchens, but that too is wrong. The first usage I've been able to find dates from May 1993, in an interview with the novelist Caryl Phillips in, I'm proud to say, the Guardian's arts pages: but Phillips's use of it was free of the ironic, pejorative overtones it has since acquired. A Scotsman film review of May 1995 caught the hint of sneer we now associate with it. Two years later it was all over everywhere, especially in the context of the Louise Woodward trial. I'll now be told that it dates from Milwaukee in 1919. Why, even the phrase "stiff upper lip", regarded as quintessentially British, originated in America.

The case in which a Scotsman persuaded a sheriff that Jack Cunningham had got things wrong about beef on the bone has brought further foaming outbursts from Kensington, where any setback for the man they call Jack Boots brings salivating delight to the frothy lips of Max (Ironers) Hastings and his shadowy background eminence Vera (Cummerbund) Rothermere. Even the great Keith (Clogs) Waterhouse has got in to the act with a mention of Boots in his Daily Mail column. I am told the disparaging comments of the Bishop of Leicester on Thought for Today may well occasion a leader in Hastings's Evening Standard recommending that he be canonised. Yet in Smallweed's view, the headline "Bishop attacks Government Minister" has about as much fizz nowadays as "Flea Eites Dog". The Bishop's remarks belong to the great tradition best embodied by Bishop Magee of Peterborough. Attacking the Licensing Bill of 1972, which dared, in the face of copious public drunkenness, to impose some control on

the liquor trade, he argued that England free was better than England sober. It didn't stop him finishing up as Archbishop of York.

Now there's a worrying trend for people to fall in love with their vacuum cleaners and become brand-aligned, just as they do with cars. This has led to a spate of pieces in newspapers in which people who drive a Dyson hand its virtues over the Hoover while Hoover-driven snarl back, and aficionados of Miele smugly assert the greater cleaning power of their own dandy-horses. Soon, I predict, these people will take to the streets. They will wash their Dysons in public, just as they do their Rovers and Peugeotis, in the hope that the subsequent gleam will enhance their neighbourhood reputation. They may even parade them on leads round the park, like red setters. I call on Jack Straw to ensure that this madness is halted.

A pedant writes: You clearly have no idea what dandy-horse means. Your dandy-horse was in truth an early bicycle without pedals, driven by kicking the ground.

Smallweed smugly concurs: So it was, you clever old thing. But it's such a lovely word, and so neglected, that I thought I would put it in.

Smallweed does not see himself singing either of the World Cup songs now on offer with their quite surreal assessments, given Glen Hoddle's failure to select David Watson of Barnsley, of England's chances. I will sing my own song, though having no ticket I shall do so in front of my TV screen where no one will hear me. The theme will be level-headed reality, as in the only verse I have so far composed, which runs:

"Quarter-finals? Possibly. More than that is twaddle. / That's the most we should expect from England under Hoddle. / A man who trusts his nation's fate / To Mrs Eileen Drewery / Is one who could not organise / A soiree in a brewery."

## Death in the late afternoon

Ian Mayes  
Open door



Obituaries have always been a nightmare. For the obituaries editor this takes two principal forms. One, someone of note will die for whom no provision has been made, and too near edition time to appear in the following day's paper. There he goes, the silly old man, the journalist in charge of the Manchester Guardian's obituary files is said to have remarked on seeing the paper's famous editor, C P Scott, cycling off at around the age of 80. "And not a line written about him."

Worse, of course, is the nightmare of having someone on the page who does not fulfil the basic requirement, namely that of being dead. Pol Pot, it was finally agreed (on this occasion, since he was reported to have died before), qualified admirably. The photograph of him, his nostrils stuffed with cotton, helped to convince us. Not so long ago the editor of the paper properly resisted pressure to publish an obituary of a mountaineer feared dead in the Himalayas while, on our front page, members of the family were continuing to assert the hope that the climber could somehow have survived. The obituaries desk is not a stress-free zone. If it isn't it is likely to be grievously.

A certain sense of decency is required. However, it is important to keep in mind that the page is not a graveyard, but part of a newspaper, and that the people

who put it together are not undertakers but journalists. What appears on the page should bear favourable comparison with what appears on the same day on the obituary pages of our main competitors (although they all have different flavours). We see the page, however unseemly the idea might appear to be, as an area of lively competition with our rivals.

The instant, certainly with (let us call them) Category A deaths — the most famous — should be to get them into the paper immediately. Readers should be able to turn from the news pages to a considered account of the person's life on the obituaries page.

I'll give you an example in a moment. First, this is how the obituaries desk is staffed. There is an obituaries editor (male) — at present no deputy editor — and three relatively long-established freelance assistant editors (a man and two women), all of whom take a significant share in the task of selecting the subjects and commissioning and editing the obituaries.

The obituaries editor has overall responsibility for everything that appears on the page and for negotiating and keeping within the budget. On a normal, fully-staffed day, three people would be on duty: the first coming in by 10am, the second by 10.30am, and the third at noon to stay, whatever is happening, until 8pm. The idea of this shift is that the paper is able to respond to any late death, particularly of anyone for whom a stock obituary has been prepared.

I suspect that the Guardian probably has fewer stock obituaries than its rivals. Although much is being done within a reasonable budget to augment our stock, it stands at little over 1,000. These include obituaries for members of the royal family, world leaders, political figures in particular, leading figures in science and the arts, and, say, the age of 70, and younger peo-

ple of prominence who are known to be seriously ill.

We had no pre-prepared obituary for Diana, Princess of Wales — that was written, all 5,000 words, between 9am on the Sunday of her death and 9pm that evening. We had no standing obituary for Linda McCartney because the person who had undertaken to do it had failed to deliver it.

Last Sunday the duty obituaries editor, with the sub-editor, had initially planned a page leading on Maurice Stans, the Nixon campaign treasurer who finally appeared on the page on Thursday. Around the middle of the day, he was pushed off by Lord Howell, for whom we held a stock obituary written by Roy Hattersley. Lord Howell led the page in the early edition.

Just before first edition time, we heard of the death of Trevor Hoddleston and Octavio Paz, for both of whom substantial obituaries were already in hand.

It is quite difficult at the moment to make the page look as good as it should. The lower half of the page has to accommodate the death notices, the Country Diary, the Jackdaw column, the Corrections and Clarifications, the birthdays, and occasionally a display advertisement as well.

It means that fewer letters responding to obituaries are being used. Active thought is being given to some reordering. It has to be a page, in the words of a gag we are quite fond of, that people are dying to get on to.

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor, Ian Mayes, by telephoning 0171 239 8558 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Fax 0171 239 8557. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

## Dog days by the Seine

4 pages to be familiar enough with that experience if you are a New Lad.

You miss violence once you don't have it. You miss the violence of comic utterance, at any rate. One of the things Baudelaire admired most about English pantomime was its "sustained note of fury". Let Italians set off fireworks and Colombians shoot their central defenders; for explosions of pure derision at a football match — and what's football if it's not pantomime? — no one beats the Anglo-Saxons. It might be stretching definitions to call Australians Anglo-Saxons, but there was something unmistakably English, anyway, about the spirit in which they baited Iran on the night I watched them contest the last remaining World Cup place in Melbourne six

months ago. "One Salman Rushdie," they say. "There's only one Salman Rushdie..."

And they say it's the French who are literate.

No references to persecuted novelists where I am sitting in the Parc des Princes. No references to anything. They are mute. Sure, there is boisterousness of the jumping up and down sort behind both goals, but even this is awkwardly English — fans calling themselves the CRAZY GANG, and the BOULOGNE BOYS, putting their own words to such songs as Roll Out The Barrel and Yellow Submarine. What you get for having Je Ne Regrette Rien

As for the game itself, all football matches are dull if you don't care who wins

As for the game itself, all football matches are dull if you don't care who wins

As for the game itself, all football matches are dull if you don't care who wins

As for the game itself, all football matches are dull if you don't care who wins



Too sophisticated, that's the problem. But I am here to blaze a trail, not to air old prejudices. Having done Pigalle and the Parc des Princes for the yobos, I do the Seine and the Latin Quarter for the New Lads. Very nice. Both very nice. Just don't expect to find a decent restaurant. (On the off-chance, I mean. Knowing where the Michelin stars are doesn't count.)

And don't expect to fall in love. For some reason the French have lost their looks. This may have something to do with their having lost their insatiability as well. Nobody is peremptory in Paris any more. No one honks a horn at you. Everybody is patient while you struggle with your French. In short, they've become us and we've become them.

Have I got news for you... for some reason the French have lost their insatiability. No one honks a horn at you anymore. Everybody is patient while you struggle with your French. In short, they've become us and we've become them.

You want a fight with a gesticulating motorist? Manchester's your place. You want to lose your heart to someone gamin reading Camus in a sidewalk café? Chesterfield.

On the assumption that, win or lose, the New Lads will be taking home mementoes of the Coupe du Monde to their loved ones, I know around the official World Cup shop in the Champs-Élysées. Fancy a Coupe du Monde dog lead? Tartan cards? Birthday cake candles? All here.

It's busy everywhere except in front of the Bulgarian strip. Marvellous how bourgeois it's all become. Elderly ladies in ankle-length fur coats not only know the sizes of their grandchildren, they know which teams they support. Myself, I would flog any adult caught buying a football strip for an infant.

Let the child grow to be an intransigent, Madame. Save him from ending up as so much more than a blur in an idolatrous crowd. Did I ever covet a football shirt

myself? Never. Only a Hamlet skirt something white and floaty which ruffles at the wrists and laces at the neck. "Over my dead body," my father said.

Examining portraits of eminent Frenchmen in the Musée d'Orsay, I come to realise that it was in fact a Fantin-Latour shirt I fancied. So have I been a lover of French culture all along without knowing it? I recommend the Musée d'Orsay anyway.

Don't mess with the Impressionists. Everyone messes with the Impressionists. Just enjoy the first vulgar marble under you come to. Especially Clésinger's Woman Bitten By A Snake, in the throes of an agony which gives you a good long look at every inch of her alabaster flesh.

It's more fun than football and in its grossness permits you to indulge everything which as a New Lad you are meant to eschew. Go on. Be bad. Revert.

© Howard Jacobson. His new novel, No More Mister Nice Guy, published by Jonathan Cape on April 30.

## Flash p

Flash p  
Lennon on the  
posed by wedding p

Flash p  
Lennon on the  
posed by wedding p





# PhD? Got just the job to suit you, sir

Mark Honigsbaum tries to sift useful research from Golden Fleece – studies of the blindingly obvious

**B**ureaucratic waste is a favourite hobby horse of rightwing politicians and no one made more of a career out of exposing it than Senator William Proxmire. Every month Senator Proxmire, the former chairman of the US Senate's influential banking committee, used to award a "Golden Fleece" to the project he considered the most useless use of Federal funds. Invariably, the septuagenarian senator's gimlet eye fell on science, and in particular the life and social sciences.

Thus one month the senator famously ridiculed a \$107,000 study into the sexual behaviour of the Japanese quail, the next month a research institution which had spent \$103,000 trying to establish whether sunfish which drank tequila were more aggressive than sunfish which drank gin. But of all the Golden Fleece handouts by Senator Proxmire over 13 years, the one that got him the biggest laugh

was the project set up to answer the question: "Why do people not like very long queues?" Senator Proxmire has now retired, but such is the growth in so-called scientific research in this country that some academics argue it is high time Britain had its own Golden Fleece awards. There is no shortage of potential nominees.

This week, for instance, the Economic and Social Research Council revealed that it had agreed to fund a study into violence in which well-built sociologists will pose as nightclub bouncers, the better to assess the causes of punch-ups and recommend ways of defusing drunken confrontations. As part of the same research programme, academics will also shadow prostitutes and conduct in-depth interviews with convicted murderers in prisons throughout the UK.

Or the study by psychologists at Nene College, Northampton, last year, that came to the astounding conclusion that carrying an obsession with pop idols like the Spice Girls or Take That into adulthood can be bad for your body image. Or the equally self-evident findings of University of Westminster researchers that reusable kitchen towels retain more bacteria than disposable paper ones because – wait for it – they are only used once and then thrown away.

Stating the obvious is an endemic problem for social scientists, but they are by no means the only academics who suffer from the disease. With universities facing an almost continual funding crisis, other lectures are coming under increasing pressure to rush into

print at the earliest opportunity, no matter how slight their theses. Dr Alan Sked, senior lecturer in international history at the London School of Economics, recalls how one colleague delivered an earnest paper recently on why people don't trust politicians, only to acknowledge half way through that political science was about "proving the obvious". "There's huge pressure on academics these days to produce something that looks like research even when everyone knows that it isn't," says Dr Sked. "That's why we have seen a proliferation in recent years of all sorts of spurious journals which are designed to run papers that wouldn't normally see the light of day. The fear is that, if you don't publish, your department won't get good ratings and you won't attract high calibre students and hence government funding in future."

This pressure is felt nowhere more keenly than by the six government-backed research councils. The ESRC's £3.5 million

Violence Research programme, which came under media scrutiny this week, is part of £65 million worth of research (covering everything from the future of work to the nation's diet) funded by the council every year. But even though the ESRC's budget is tiny compared to the £300 million available, for example, to the Medical Research Council, every penny has to have a purpose – or, to quote the ESRC's own guidelines, "enhance the UK's competitiveness, quality of life and the effectiveness of public service and policy".

This means that the ESRC, in turn, is similarly pressured to convince government departments to continue funding it in future. As a recent leaked government spending review by the Office of Science and Technology puts it, "poor media/public appreciation and understanding of the role of the economic and social sciences" is a potential "threat" to the council's remit.

It is a Catch 22. "Often the most effective way of communicating our research to end users is through the media," admits Tim Whitaker, the ESRC's spokesman. "Unfortunately, the media has a way of sensationalising social science research and blowing up one aspect of a programme at the expense of another."

Arguably, that is exactly what happened this week. No sooner had the ESRC issued a press release about its violence study than journalists were quizzing the programme's director, Betsy Stanko, professor of criminology at Brunel University in west London. Was it really necessary, they asked, for sociologists to pose as bouncers in order to probe the causes of nightclub violence? Wasn't this just a gimmick to get headlines and justify the project's funding?

By Tuesday, the story had snowballed so far out of control that Professor Stanko found herself having to defend the study on Radio 4's

Today programme. Patiently she explained that a large number of assaults take place outside clubs and pubs, yet little is known about the causes. Not only would the new research shed light on this but she hoped it would also be used to inform the selection and training of security staff.

"It's easy to be cynical and wry about it and say, 'Doo! we already know that! But if we already know the answers then why haven't we applied them?' The point of the study is to look at the most successful methods of intervention and use them to draw lessons for safety in the future," says Professor Stanko.

A similar counter argument to the Senator Proxmire view is put by the biologist Richard Dawkins, Oxford professor for the public understanding of science. "It's extremely easy to dredge up seemingly absurd research and hold it up to ridicule. But I think it would

be wrong to do a Senator Proxmire on this. The real problem is that there is a lot of very worthwhile scientific research which isn't being done at the moment because there simply isn't enough funding."

Scientists have long rolled out the same complaint, but these days they may have a point. The budget for the Particle Physics and Astronomy Research Council, for instance, has been cut by 30 per cent in the last five years, and since the 1993 white paper on science and technology, funding for

research projects with no clear economic benefits has virtually dried up. Indeed, many scientists complain that funding is tied too closely to pre-existing programmes, leaving little room for speculative research.

"It's blindingly obvious that in the end science is wealth-creating but you cannot dictate research from the top down. There has to be room for research that some people might consider spurious," argues Steve Jones, professor of genetics at University College, London.

But should the same allowances be made for practitioners of the soft, as opposed to the hard, sciences? Take that study of the Japanese quail. Ribaldry aside, the Japanese quail is actually famed for its uninhibited mating habits and researchers believe that knowledge of how those sexual habits are acquired could provide insights into life-threatening human sexual behaviour, particularly in the context of the spread of Aids.

Fair enough. But surely there can be no serious justification for spending taxpayers' hard-earned money on a study of quazing? We already know why people hate long queues and no amount of research is likely to improve the design of bus-stops.

The danger, of course, is that in dismissing what at first may appear self-evident we could be overlooking something important. Take that study of finger contractions. Ridiculous, until you realise the potential applications, particularly in the field of sport where mental exercise may be used to enhance an athlete's performance. In a week which has seen Glen Hoddle hire a faith-healer for the England team, who is to judge whether getting a bunch of students to sit around in a circle and imagine contracting their little fingers is really any daffier?

## Flash point

Peter Lennon on the secrets and lies exposed by wedding photographs

**W**hen Judge Anthony Mellor sat in judgment in Turkey this week on the quality of wedding photographs, he adjudicated where even Solomon might have pleaded sickness rather than venture. The bride, Julie Lennon, had burst into tears when she saw her pictures. In the group photograph, only her bridal headgear identified her in a scrambled back row. Her husband had been turned into a chinless wonder by his mother-in-law's hat; three bridesmaids were in lavatorial crouch, and when the bride perched on a

well to show off her dress, a fire hydrant kept her company. Which was better than the tree-trunk and the transt van she had to compete with in her other solo appearance. But the crowning insult was the member of the Monster Raving Loony Party who gatecrashed the bride and groom portrait to show off his banana hat.

What could the photographer have been thinking of? He broke a cardinal rule: he was lulled into believing by the obligatory merriment that an outsider's sense of humour would be appreciated. The judge didn't appreciate the



H marks the spot of unhappiness

joke, either, and awarded the couple £2,000 compensation. The wedding photograph is the Big Dipper of portrait work. Unlike the studio portrait, created under optimum conditions, with wedding photos you just strap them in and

career from one key moment to the next: the wedding cake (allegedly in a soft-focus fog), to the gathering in the church porch (where the shallow step was insufficient to hide the truth that the bridesmaids were taller than the bride), and so on.

The photographer offered excuses which, with automatic exposure and focusing, were feeble: "It was a dull autumn day and there was no direct sunshine." The evidence suggests he may have lacked the eye for that aspect of photography which gives magic to a picture – framing, a skill no automation can supply.

Once taken, the photograph "stops the flow of life", as John Berger put it. That frame becomes a world of its own. A wedding photograph takes on an importance for those involved: more than a certificate or a ring, it authenticates an event and, in the flux of life after, remains steadfast and intact. It is significant that wedding photographs are usually not seen until after the honeymoon. And while the honeymoon is now rarely the time of sexual initiation, it is at least the first period of official

captivity, when the weight of commitment begins to be felt. It is now that illusions, trivial or major, can be shattered.

But when the wedding arrives back, there are the photos to remind them of the solidity of the event and its semi-public status. The respect and loyalty of friends are on record. And if everyone is ill-favoured, at least the wedding dress will be beautiful. The photos can then, over the years, acquire a reliability greater than the relationship. Like all good photographs, they are gratifying works of fiction.

The absurdity of family members will also be ratified in the picture; the sadness of the over-dressed elders and the jolly willingness of bridesmaids, not best expressed by crouching. It is all there, tamed yet full of the resonance of an event far superior to holiday outings.

For outsiders, like the wife of the photographer in this case, who enjoyed the pictures, the frames can be seen in another way. Perhaps with poet Ambrose Bierce's eye: "They stood before the altar and supplied/The fire themselves in which their fat was fried".

## Get the British angle on European affairs

The Guardian INTERNATIONAL



**bo**[illegible]

**Fair fares to SWEDEN**

from **£109** **RETURN**

LONDON Stansted to  
**STOCKHOLM**  
STOCKHOLM Skavsta  
**NEW from 7 May**

LONDON Stansted to  
**KRISTIANSTAD**  
(For South Sweden  
& Malmö)

▼ **RYANAIR DIRECT**  
**0541 569 569**  
or contact your Travel Agent

 Sweden

 **RYANAIR**  
THE LOW FARES AIRLINE

Fares include a 20.00 GBP tax, subject to airline rules and some conditions.  
A mandatory charge of a credit card is required for bookings made online.

**Finest Years: British Cinema of the 1940s**  
by **Clare Grant**  
\$29.95 (hardcover) 200pp  
ISBN 0 233 06000 2

**The Unknown 1930s: An Alternative History of the British Cinema (1929-1939)**  
by **Geoffrey Rundle** 200pp  
ISBN 0 233 06001 0

**It should be noted that the British cinema began to decline in the early 1960s, and that the industry was in a state of decline. With the rise of television, the cinema industry was forced to compete with a new medium. The industry was also affected by the economic situation of the time, which led to a decline in the number of films produced. The industry was also affected by the rise of the New Wave, which led to a decline in the number of films produced. The industry was also affected by the rise of the New Wave, which led to a decline in the number of films produced.**

صبرنا من الالهي



# books



## England – that sinking feeling

Is Englishness vanishing from sight? Clive Sinclair salutes those who are going down with the ship, and those who were not even given a berth. Below, Jonathan Coe recalls the dazzle of Britain's forgotten cinema

**The Oxford Book of English Short Stories**  
edited by A S Byatt  
439pp, Oxford, £19.99

According to its publishers, *The Oxford Book of English Short Stories* is the first anthology of specifically English short stories, as distinct from stories written in English. On the cover of this monumental tome is a landscape by Leonora Carrington (also represented within as an author). It is midsummer. In the distance are the spires of a great city. Nearer are thick woods. Nearer still are formal parklands. In the foreground are the emblems of Englishness: white harts, a mastiff, and – not quite centre-stage – an eccentric woman resembling Edith Sitwell. The viewer (invisible) stands on the ter-

race of a stately pile (also imagined). I picture it as a sort of Castle Howard, whose fierce chateaufort (the redoubtable A S Byatt) has placed a series of cards in its window: no Irish, no Scots, not even any Welsh, let alone Jews or Blacks. I see her order a spring-cleaning, an ethnic-cleansing of English literature: Dickens – yes, Conrad – no; Kipling – yes, James – no; Lawrence – yes, Mansfield – no.

Before addressing this matter further it would be well to consider the short story itself. In what way does it differ from a novel? Well, a short story is more compact, intense, airless, a one-night stand, as opposed to a marriage. In a short story you can write, "With one bound he was free"; whereas in a novel you are obliged to explain exactly how the hero extricated himself (except in cases of magical realism).

That resolved, how does one

decide whether a story is worthy of inclusion in such a magisterial volume? The first thing, says A S Byatt, is that it should be a work of art that is both "startling and satisfying, and if possible make the hairs on the neck prick with excitement". I can't dispute that, and would only add that a great story not only creates its own world, but also hints at the existence of a second, less apparent text, a mysterious secret share (conditions amply fulfilled by Kipling's "Wireless").

As to whether the other stories in Byatt's collection make the hairs on my nape rise, all I can say is, some do – among them ones by Hardy, Carter, and Sillitoe – but many don't. Byatt attributes the success of a horror story by Charlotte Mew (a neo-gothic episode, set in Spain, and involving the premature burial of a female sinner by dastardly monks) to its "very wood-

ment, but a too common failing. For my taste (and it is a matter of taste) there is too much weak satire, and too much social realism masquerading as art.

Now to the second criterion – that of race. Needless to say, Byatt is not insensitive to the accusations such a restrictive anthology may occasion. "There is even a hinted feeling that to think about Englishness might lead to racism or xenophobia," she notes in her introduction. Indeed she adds that she hesitated before accepting the commission from OUP. But having acquiesced, she set about her quest for writers with "pure English national credentials". How she did this, and what these credentials might be, she does not disclose. But there is no room for the likes of Shena MacKay, Salman Rushdie, Elaine Feinstein, Will Self, Jonathan Wilson, etc. etc. What are they if they are not English writers?

Anglo-Scottish, Anglo-Indian, Anglo-American, Anglo-Jewish, etc. etc? True. But also English.

Not according to A S Byatt. Her idea of Englishness (at least for the purposes of this anthology) is more exclusive. "The English," she writes in the introduction, "are what other English-speakers define themselves against." She then presumes to put herself in the position of those "others" and reports that the English are seen as "imperialist, insular, nostalgic for merrie England, class-ridden, complacent".

However, she fails to consider the possibility that the "English" writer could actually identify, albeit unwillingly or unconsciously, with the "other", might transfer his or her despised characteristics on to the object they fear, might (in short) become that "other". Thus the narrator of Trollope's "Relics of General Chasse: A Tale of Antwerp", imagines himself a "sort of Mohammed in Paradise" when taking tea with a dozen or more females, and more compromisingly the narrator of Dickens's "The Hanted House" finds himself nocturnally translated to an oriental establishment of notorious character from a room supposedly spooked by the ghostly Master B. So Englishness may not be a permanent state after all; it may be subject to radical transformations.

Do English writers with the right pedigree have anything in common, other than their Englishness? Open the book. Who do we find? M R James, H G Wells, G K Chesterton, A E Coppard, P G Wodehouse, D H Lawrence, V S Pritchett, H E Bates, T H White, and J G Ballard (among others). Not to mention the editor, A S Byatt. Can it be coincidence that so many English writers are known only by a surname and a pair of initials? Surely not; initials are (like many English) genderless, discreet, and very formal.

As to thematic links... When I started the book it did seem that each story – in its distinct way – was intent upon disproving the old saying, "Clothes maketh the man", and was concerned to demonstrate that the interior being far exceeds the outward one in importance. But that was not sustained. Even Byatt can find little common ground. "There is," she writes, "English empiricism, English pragmatism, English starkness, English humour, English satire, etc." She does not discuss the difference between, say, English and Welsh humour. In the end she borrows a definition of Englishness from another contributor, Penelope Fitzgerald: it is "the patient, self-contained, self-imposed pursuit of an entirely personal solution". This certainly fits the English penchant for detective fiction, but otherwise is not much of a literary manifesto.

Let us, then, seek an alternative. An observer stands on a ledge (not unlike the implied viewer in Leonora Carrington's painting) overlooking the native landscape, which he contemplates with a quality, he believes, that marks it out as "the most deeply satisfying in the world", a quality that is best summed up by the term "greatness". And what does he mean by this word? "It is as though the land knows of its own beauty, of its own greatness, and feels no need to shout it. In comparison, the sorts of sights offered in such places as Africa and America, though undoubtedly very exciting, would, I am sure, strike the objective viewer as inferior on account of their unseemly demonstrativeness." This Voice of England comes from *The Remains of the Day* written by the black-

Holed below the water line... Alec Guinness in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*

bailed Kazuo Ishiguro. For "land" and its synonyms read "prose". Recently Bryan Cheyette published a volume that also sought to isolate a particular group of scribes, *Contemporary Jewish Writing in Britain and Ireland*. "It is not quite nice to think about being English," writes Byatt in her intro. Nowadays oo such stigma attaches to Jewishness. On the contrary, Cheyette prefaces his anthology with a bullish introduction, seeing longevity in the Anglo-Jewish tradition. Why should Cheyette's anthology be acceptable, while Byatt's – rightly – requires a note of explanation? Does Primo Levi (Italian? Jewish?) have the answer when he writes the following in praise of impurity: "In order for the wheel to turn, for life to be lived, impurities are needed... Fascism does not want them, forbids them."

Except that *The Oxford Book of English Short Stories* is more elegant than triumphal, it actually serves to prove Levi's point. Victorian, Edwardian and pre-war England provide an overflowing cornucopia, but more recent harvests offer slimmer pickings, mainly because the English – like it or not – have become a mongrel breed. Remove the impurities, and English literature is the poorer. Thus Philip Hensher's "Dead Languages" stands as a significant end-piece, for as Byatt observes, it touches upon "the vanishing of Englishness". And so, having introduced the Anglo-English tradition, Byatt also has the grace to close the book upon it.

Clive Sinclair's most recent collection of stories, *The Lady with the Lamp*, won both the Silver PEN Award and the Jewish Quarterly Award for Fiction.

## Britain – the great films that vanished

**The Finest Years: British Cinema of the 1940s**  
by Charles Drazin  
281pp, André Deutsch, £17.99

**The Unknown 1930s: An Alternative History of the British Cinema (1929-1939)**  
edited by Jeffrey Richards  
276pp, I B Tauris, £29.95

It seems that the British have always had a love-hate relationship with their own film industry. With see-saw regularity we lurch from sentimental patriotism to self-hating denigration, from national pride to cultural cringe. One minute we are thrusting our Oscars in the air and chanting "The British are coming", the next we are meekly conceding to Truffaut's brutally tentative suggestion that there may be "a certain incompatibility between

the terms 'cinema' and 'Britain'". We bask in the reflected glory of *The English Patient* and then worry that it isn't really a British film at all; we rejoice in the success of *The Full Monty* and then stop to wonder whether it's really any good. Meanwhile, year in and year out, parliamentary committees are held, all in pursuit of the same phantom, the future of the British film industry. The future, the future, always the future.

And yet the British film industry has a past as well, although the news may come as a surprise to the readers of *Empire* magazine and its imitators. Film history does not start with *The Godfather* or *Easy Rider* and British film history, incredible though it may seem, does not start with *Trainspotting*. Here are two books which prove the fact and which

put forward, if only by implication, the even more radical argument that this past might be something we can learn from. Both books are to be treasured, although Charles Drazin's is by some way the more engaging and readable. Drazin believes that British film-makers in the 1940s were galvanised by war, agreeing with Jean Renoir that "the battle of Britain, through destruction of life and property, was wholly beneficial to the British film industry". But this is merely the premise of his book, not its thesis. His aim is not to re-evaluate the films, but to celebrate the lives and personalities of the people who made them. A possible subtitle for the resulting collection of pen-portraits might have been "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (although one woman – Owen Vaughan, proprietor of the French Club in St

James's Place – manages to sneak in at the last moment). Drazin's is a genuinely quotable enterprise, being both mad and lovingly heroic at the same time. These days it's an uphill struggle, surely, even to get people to remember that there once existed a film-maker called Alberto Cavalcanti who fashioned, in *Went the Day Well?*, *Champagne Charlie* and the ventriloquist's dummy section of *Dead of Night*, three of the most vibrant and unusual narratives in British cinema. Who would want to know the story of his life, for heaven's sake? Yet after reading about this Brazilian aristocrat who studied law in Rio and architecture in Geneva, fell in with the Parisian avant-garde, joined the GPO Film Unit in London, made features at Ealing, presided over a disastrous attempt to revive the Brazilian film industry and

ended his days as an itinerant film-maker in Romania, Italy, France and Israel, you end up echoing Drazin's plea for a full-length biography. The book is studded with similar unlikely oddities. Here is Filippo del Giudice, who began his days in London teaching English to the children of Italian waiters and went on to produce Coward's *Henry V*. Robert Hamer, the brilliant maths undergraduate rusticated from Cambridge because of a homosexual affair, who managed to direct that callous masterpiece *Kind Hearts and Coronets* before lapsing into alcoholism and bankruptcy. John Davis, the stolid, unimaginative accountant who ran the Rank Organisation for 30 years, lowering standards, thwarting ambition, driving away artists like Powell and Press-

burger and ushering in the era of Norman Wisdom and the Carry On's (Drazin calls him "the John Birt of his time"). Fascinating stories, all of them, narrated with wit, generosity and unobtrusive erudition. *The Unknown 1930s* takes a more routine and academic approach, but still throws up some treasure material. Like Charles Drazin – who practically ignores Michael Powell, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat – Jeffrey Richards and his contributors pass over the more established names (Hitchcock, most obviously) to "chart a new map of British cinema" in the 1930s which takes an equal interest in quota quickies and the work of émigré directors like Bernard Vorhans and Berthold Viertel. Even better, there are splendid essays on the scenery-chewing melodramas of Tod

Slaughter and on forgotten British horror movies – such as George King's magnificent *The Case of the Frightened Lady* – whose sensationalist virtues have been overlooked in a film culture which remains permanently in thrall to the god of realism. That over-emphasis on realism continues to dog our cinema: *The Full Monty* may have plenty of heart, but if only it showed half the wild imagination or visual flair of *Karloff's The Ghoul* or *Slaughter's Crimes at the Dark House*. Meanwhile Drazin's book leaves us with an even more sobering thought, which is that British cinema's finest achievements were the work of extraordinary, perhaps irreplaceable individuals, created and shaped by a historical moment which Blair's Britain, hypnotised by youth culture and torpid with affluence, will ever replicate.



# Garp carp

Realism is a novelist's flexible friend but John Irving is overdrawn at the bank of fiction, reports **James Wood**

**A Widow For One Year**  
by John Irving  
547pp, Bloomsbury, £16.99

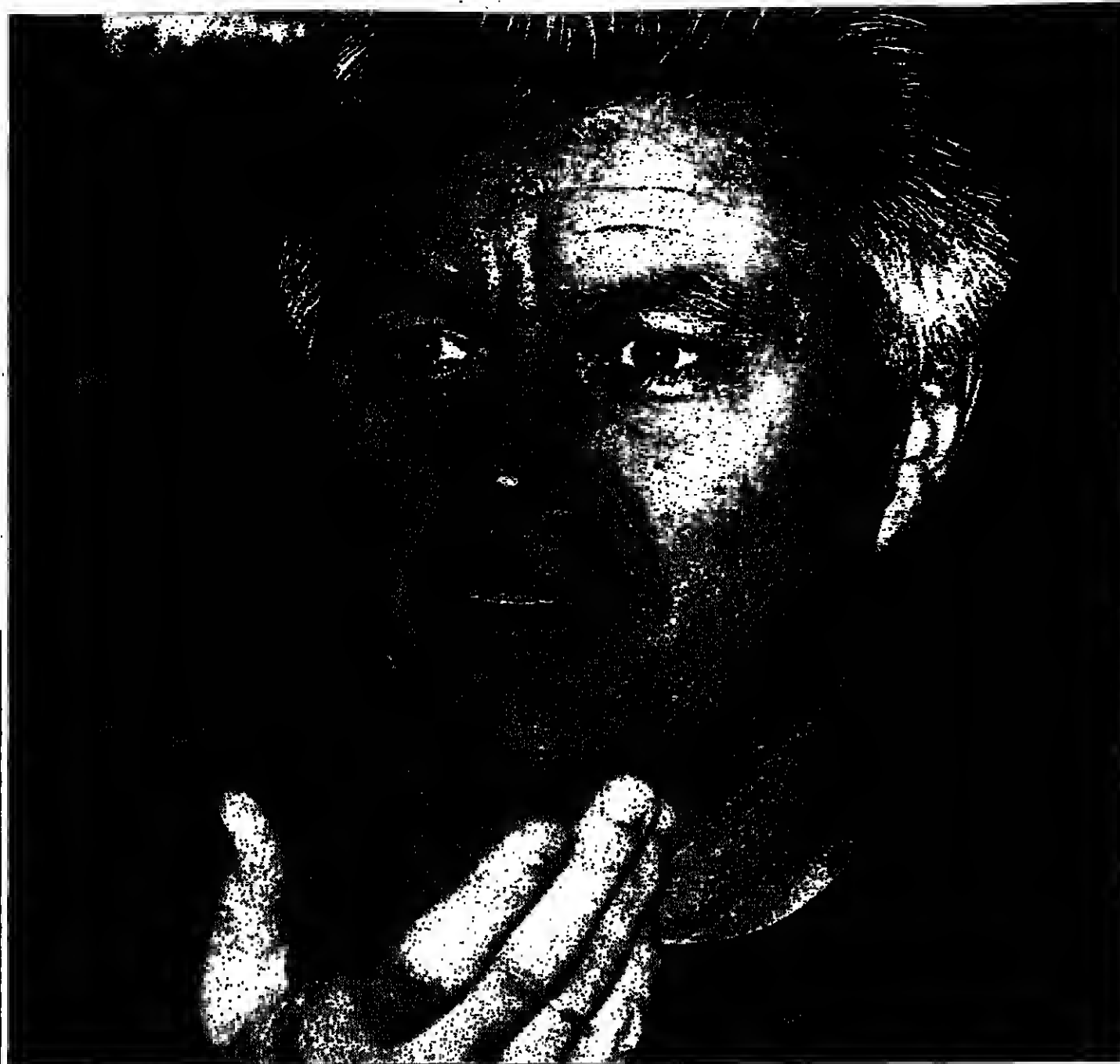
**R**ealism gives John Irving a good name: he is lucky to hitch his wagon to it. Since *The World According to Garp* (1978), Irving has been praised for the "realism" of his novels — for their tossed plots, for the fat suffusions of these big books, for the reliability of his solid characters, and for the salve of his gassy comedy. He is often likened to Dickens. Humanly, these are not negligible qualities; but they do not, perhaps, amount to literature.

Realism, throughout this century, has proved itself beautifully flexible and long-lived, but that longevity has depended on the novelist's ability to flex it anew, to wrestle fresh postures from its strength. Irving merely relies on the conventions of realism as one relies on punctuation: he writes fiction as if reality were uncomplicatedly transparent, as if characters' consciousnesses simply float to hand — indeed, as if reality were as manageable for the writer as the conventions of realism.

It is, of course, an artistic triumph to write like Dickens only in

the age of Dickens; to do so at the end of the 20th century marks Irving as, at best, an unimportant realist: to believe as heartily in fictional transparency as Irving does seems artistically trivial. But this is not a mere aesthetic quibble; it goes to the human centre of Irving's books. Though his novels are terrifically busy, with enforcements and diversions of all kinds, they are actually deprived of true struggle, because his characters struggle only with situations, and not with themselves. His characters have an inch of consciousness, and with this inch Irving is seductively gymnastic. But because he seems to believe that the penetration of his characters' consciousness is an easy thing, his characters believe this too about themselves, and exist for us only in practised simplicities.

There is much that is delightful about his latest novel, *A Widow For One Year*. It tells the story of Ruth Cole, and her strange entanglement with Eddie O'Hare. In the summer of 1958, Eddie, who is just 16, arrives at the house of Ruth's parents for a summer job. Ruth is only four; her parents are in the middle of a vicious divorce, and young Eddie soon finds himself — with that alacrity that belongs rarely to life and always to comic novels — having a passionate affair



John Irving... realism is not enough

with Ruth's beautiful mother, Marion.

None of the protagonists really recovers from this gross incursion, at least, not until the very end of the novel; the rest of the book is a history of damage. Maricio walks out on her husband, on her daughter, and on Eddie, and is not seen again until 1995. Eddie devotes his adulthood to the memory of Marion. (Eventually, he finds her.)

Ruth grows up to be a famous novelist, but she is angry at her abandonment, and incapable of happy relations with men. She marries, has a son, is widowed, and marries again. (Eventually, she finds the right man: a Dutch policeman.)

Both Ruth and Eddie, who become friends as adults, are strongly drawn. In Ruth, Irving releases his exuberant comic literalism, and allows indirection a little

sway. But neither is a truly deep creation. This is because Irving, though a "comic" writer, does not believe in a comedy that demands very much from either his characters or from his readers.

The tone may be gauged from a sentence about Eddie's first month at the Cole's house, while his youthful obsession with Marion is growing but has not yet been consummated: "For the first month of

that summer, Eddie O'Hare would be a Masturbating Machine." This phrase also heads the same chapter, "A Masturbating Machine." Irving is always thumping his characters with his own sense of comedy, rather than rewarding them with their own. (He is unlike Dickens in this respect, and unlike Austen.) It is difficult for a real adolescent to emerge from the authorial guffaws; he is, precisely,

a machine — a machine of comedy. In other words, Irving's comedy tends towards farce because it is situational rather than characterological. Comedy in literature arose out of satire, and in particular out of the exposure of hypocrisy; this is the case from Lucian to Chekhov. Of course, comedy exceeds its origins, and at its greatest is nothing less than a form of metaphysical irony — is tragedy, in fact. But it has its root in individuals, and lives on the principle not that people are funny, or that funny things happen to them, but on the contrary, that people are serious. Irving's comedy trivialises his characters because that comedy is not unique to them; it could have happened to anyone, had they had the misfortune to walk into the same situation: which is a definition of farce.

One example will have to suffice. Eddie, who grows up to be a somewhat bumbling and pathetic man, does not meet the adult Ruth until 1990. Ruth is now 36 and a celebrated novelist; Eddie is 48 and a very minor novelist. He has been chosen to introduce Ruth Cole at a reading in New York. He has long rehearsed what he is going to say to the woman he knew as a toddler, "My goodness, how you've grown!" But when he enters the room he is flustered, and says "My goodness, how you've grown!" to the first woman who approaches him. Of course, this is not Ruth Cole, but Melissa, an organiser of the event, and Irving squeezes the situation with his characteristic vitality (and hubris): "Melissa, who had not known she was not pregnant at the time, either — was somewhat taken aback."

The question is not whether this broad-brush comedy is funny or not; that is a matter of taste. It is whether this kind of comedy could possibly illuminate Eddie's soul rather than the situation he has stumbled into. Of course, it illuminates his confusions, his nervousness; but these are the simplicities of character, where a novelist of depth begins, not where he ends.

This novel streams with charm and life, and hustles the reader on a wonderful voyage, from Long Island to the red-light districts of Amsterdam, and back again. It is rich and buoyant. Yet either in its conception of reality nor in its warmth of comedy does it ever fail to be uncomplicated. And for once, one wanted a novel to fail a little.

Natasha Walter finds much to praise about a novel set in Ancient Greece

## How Medea was turned into a witch

**Medea**  
by Christa Wolf  
156pp, Virago, £16.99

**T**he literature of the West is the white man's reflection on himself, Christa Wolf wrote in 1980. You could read this novel as simply a way of redressing that imbalance. Medea is known as the betrayed wife who killed her rival, Glauce, and even her own children as a way of getting back at her husband, Jason. Wolf has written a novel in which these charges against the heroine are not merely excused — they are written off. Medea over did these things. She was a brave, clever woman who was hated by the people of Corinth because she was too brave and too clever.

What marks this novel out as much more than a slogan (Medea is innocent! Free Medea!) is Wolf's tireless, unrelenting exploration not just of what her characters are — Medea is good, Creon is bad — but how they got that way, and how they go on living, what compro-

mises they have to make with themselves and others to stay alive. By always going a step further than you expect, Wolf long ago established herself as a great writer. Her early novels, *A Model Childhood* and *The Quest for Christa T*, dealt with a child's life in Nazi Germany and a woman's life in communist Germany. Medea is another chapter in the same story. Wolf is always asking us to understand the difficulty — the impossibility — of living a life that feels authentic when your society is founded on lies.

So in *A Model Childhood* Wolf shows us how her own childhood carried along normal, childish and utterly shameful lines while Jews travelled on trains through her town to Chelmno and Treblinka. *The Quest for Christa T* is a more muted exploration of how hard it is to be oneself in a society where "conformity is the means of survival". Medea feels just as spikily uncomfortable as those novels.

It comes as close to us as Wolf's other novels partly because it is swamped with precise physical detail. We don't just hear about



Medea studies... Christa Wolf

ancient Corinth, we live it — we taste these burnt barley cakes, we walk these cold clay floors. The novel is arranged as a series of first-person narratives — Medea speaks, then Jason, then Glauce, and so on. Each burrows into his or her own experience with bristling immediacy. Emotions — fear, love, horror — aren't just handed to us, they grow on the page.

So we feel the fragility of Jason.

and Medea's love when Medea asks him to remember when he first touched her bare feet and he gives an answer that is quite at odds with her own memory. Only later do we realise the depth and repercussions of their estrangement. And when Medea first finds out Corinth's secret — the murder of a royal child — she stumbles on a skeleton in a cave: "I felt with reluctant fingers for the deep niche carved into the rock... since then I can think of nothing but that meagre, childish skull, those fine-boned shoulder blades, that brittle spinal column." We feel her horror, but we don't know whose the skeleton is until half the book has gone by.

Through this play of immediate detail and emotion Wolf builds up her higher theme — how do you crack the lies you are told? The lies may be told by the media — here, people singing mythic songs around fires. "Once Medea listened to the songs with me," Jason remembers. "At the end she said, 'They've made what they need out of each of us. Out of you, the Hero, and out of me, the Wicked Witch. They've driven us apart like that.'"

The lies may be told by men hungry for power — here, Aetces in Colchis and Creon in Corinth, who work on every level to reduce the power of women so that their patriarchy can continue. The lies may be told by people in groups — here, men and women at religious celebrations, happy to kill refugees. Against all the lies, Wolf sets up, as she always does, just one restless, uncompromising woman, the woman who asks questions, the woman who won't be lied to — at least not all the time.

In a way, this is a tragic novel. It ends with Medea's lament over her dead children and her own exile. "Is it possible to imagine a world, a time, where I would have a place?" she asks. But it is also a hopeful novel. The fact that our old myths are retold in this way — with such enjoyment of different voices, with such care over what might have been repressed or left out in previous ages, with such tender regard for the gap between dominant creeds and individual lives — makes us believe that one can imagine a time where this Medea would have a place.

## The Musicians' Gallery

by Ruth Padel

As they listened in the Musicians' Gallery  
To jesters and tall stories  
He could smell camphor from her curry a mile off  
And his breathing had a hotline to her breasts

It could have been Beowulf himself down there  
Sounding off in the Great Hall  
Where butterflies swept through stone windows  
Making the moment a lifetime

Of trouble and gladness they knew then  
They would fall out each other by the small  
Windows leaved through  
Where if they'd had time to look

They'd have seen  
A smocking of stars, blue clouds of Lebanon  
Velvet lawns traversed by a Sauternes stream  
Which came in to light the hand-drawn

Ruth Padel's *The Musicians' Gallery* is published by Virago. It is a collection of poems.

## Spot the difference



**The Commissar Vanishes**  
The falsification of photographs and art in Stalin's Russia  
by David King  
Published by Canongate Books  
CultureShop price £20 free UK p&p  
Hardback, 192 pages (rpb £25)  
As featured in The Guardian 10.4.98



*The Commissar Vanishes* offers a chilling insight into how Stalin manipulated photography to advance his own political career and to erase the memory of his victims. Rivals were airbrushed from group portraits and crowd scenes were altered to depict even greater legions of the faithful.

"Under Stalin's regime...photographs lied. In David King's unique and revealing book, the same photographs, their original images restored, speak volumes of truth" — from the preface by Stephen F. Cohen, Princeton University.

Freephone 0500 600 102

or send a cheque payable to: The Guardian CultureShop, 250 Western Avenue, London W5 6EE. Please quote 023

□ The Commissar Vanishes David King £20 free UK p&p (rpb £25)

Mr/Ms/Miss Surname

Delivery address

Postcode Telephone

□ Do not send mailings from companies selected by The Guardian

The Guardian

## Nicholas Lezard on a wacky Douglas Coupland Generation plain nuts

**Girlfriend in a Coma**  
by Douglas Coupland  
281pp, Flamingo, £12.99

**D**ouglas Coupland did not coin the term "Generation X" but it has stuck fast to him; to his credit, he has never (as far as I know) tried to detach himself from the label.

planned to him largely in gratitude that he was a writer alert enough to be genuinely contemporary. The charge then follows that he is in prose as easy to read as it is to watch TV; he describes a tribe of rootless, affectless post-adolescents, concerned but helpless. The consolation of society and religion have vanished; and in that perfect fit between subject matter and delivery, it is, bizarrely, a guarantee of his worldview's validity that his novels are utterly, and forgivably, forgettable. (With the exception of *Microserfs*, which I just found unreadable.)

That won't happen here. For the first time, something happens in a Douglas Coupland novel. In fact, lots of things happen. Such as the end of the world, no less. But over mind about that for the

moment. It's 1979. A 17-year old girl, Karen, dying ferociously in anticipation of a Hawaiian holiday, pops a couple of Valiums at a party and then goes into a coma. That day she had given her boyfriend, Richard, a note in which she says she has seen visions of the future, and that she feels she has seen too much, and has a feeling she is going to be "taken hostage".

At which point it occurs to me that, in a corollary of Karen's position, it would not be a good idea to reveal more of the book's plot. A great deal of its charm — apart from the casual fluency of its prose (he has, technically, never been better, although the references to Smiths songs get a little annoying) — lies in the unfolding of its plot, its sequential surprise.

It's a novel that holds its breath in spookiness, that makes it part of its fabric. I noted the pleasant frisson of reading a sentence with the words "Good Friday" in it on Good Friday itself; the coincidence assumed more significance when, a few chapters later, Coupland engineers a day-long barrage of coincidences for his narrator. The point is not so much that this is uncanny, but that it testifies to

the richness and grip of Coupland's imagination: you, too, may find something like this happening when you read it, although not, obviously, the Good Friday bit. ("Later, I would learn that coincidences are the most planned things in the world. Later, I would learn that every single moment is a coincidence.")

The book does go nuts — about as nuts as current fiction can go while remaining publishable, and to the point where speculation about the book's genesis (Coupland had a breakdown during a gruelling European tour a couple of years ago) becomes morbidly germane. One has always sensed that Coupland was aware of the purposelessness of his books, but this is a book with a very definite purpose: he directly tells us to pull our socks up and look at the world afresh. Which means that a review stops being an assessment of technique and becomes something like a moral judgment.

Personally, I think Coupland's conclusions, his remedies for the world, are contradictory, possibly bogus, and not a little embarrassing; but at least he is trying to say something, to raise the stakes. He is becoming extraordinary.

## Book now literary events

**Today**  
● Bill Bryson will be signing copies of his bestselling travel books from 2-3.30pm at the new British Library Bookshop in St Pancras.

**Monday 27**  
● Julian Critchley reads from his autobiography and his latest book, *Collapsing of Stout Parity*. Radio 4, 9.45 pm.  
● The new book at bedtime is Charles Frazier's novel, *Cold Mountain*, read by William Hootkins. Radio 4, 10.45 pm.  
● Alice Walker, author of *The Color Purple*, will be appearing at London's Levisham Theatre to promote the paperback publication of her latest collection of essays, *Anything We Love Can Be Saved*.

**Tuesday 28**  
● A Fiction International reading at the Royal Festival Hall (London, SE1) features Will Self, Nicola Barker and Ramesh Gunesekera. 7.30pm.

**Thursday 30**  
● Nicholas Einaudi reads from his novel, *Manchester Singback*, at Filby McNassy's (58 Amwell Street, London EC1). 8.30pm.

**Upcoming**  
● The Brighton Festival runs from 2-24 May, featuring Maya Angelou and Helen Fielding in the first week. Details: 01273 292 950. Send details of forthcoming literary events to Carrie O'Grady at the Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER.

## Current CultureShop Bestsellers

Last month's CultureShop Bestsellers with free UK p&p

- Hidden Agendas
- Mesher's Kingdom
- Fermat's Last Theorem
- Days in the Life
- About a Boy

For more information, call 0500 600 102 or visit our website at [www.guardian.co.uk/culture](http://www.guardian.co.uk/culture)

Free UK p&p on orders over £10.00. Delivery outside UK available on request.

For more information, call 0500 600 102 or visit our website at [www.guardian.co.uk/culture](http://www.guardian.co.uk/culture)

The Guardian



# The Guardian Weekend Sport

Saturday April 25 1998 www.football.guardian.co.uk

## Football

### All singing their way to great triumph

**Roy Collins finds Sunderland's manager standing up well to the glare of the promotion race at the passionate Stadium of Light**

**T**HE Mary Whitehouse types might have been offended by Peter Reid's attempt to enter the Guinness Book of Records for the number of swear words in a half-time team talk during Premier Passions, the BBC's F-word on the wall documentary.

However, apart from conceding that his church-going Auntie Mary might not have approved, Reid does not think the series did him what Did I Not Like That did for Graham Taylor.

The lens could have delved into far more embarrassing situations — like filming the Sunderland manager Reid during one of his country and western duets with his star striker Niall Quinn on the coach home from an away game, which would have offered proof that, if he sings like Garth, it is more Crooks than Brooks.

Anyone who can carry a C & W tune cannot be all bad in Reid's eyes. But he and Quinn have a relationship that goes beyond the manager-senior player axis that is fundamental at many a successful club.

Quinn felt the hurt and humiliation vicariously when Reid was sacked as his Manchester City manager four years into the 1993-94 season, rejoining him at Sunderland in August 1996. The BBC could also feature the pair in a series entitled Equine Passions since Reid is a member of Quinn's racehorse-owning syndicate, which includes the golfers Lee Westwood and Darren Clarke.

When Quinn went to hospital for an operation on a crucial knee ligament at the end of 1996, Sunderland's hopes of avoiding relegation from the Premiership entered intensive care and never recovered. This season Quinn, 31, once dismissed as a carthorse at Arsenal, has demonstrated his thoroughbred qualities with 14 goals in the club's push for promotion back from the First Division.

His injury, similar to the one that kept him out of the Republic of Ireland's 1994 World Cup team, could have meant the end of his career. But Reid, who has more faith than Eileen Drewery, says: "I always believed that, if we could get him fit, he had the ability to handle this league, and I believe he has the ability to handle the Premiership as well."

Sunderland fans, many of whom were reluctant to give up the Roker Roar, are in even better voice since the move to the Stadium of Light doubled the size of their choir to 40,000. There is as much chance of getting a ticket for today's match against Stoke as getting through on the World Cup ticket hotline.

With Sunderland's promotion rivals Middlesbrough and the FA Cup finalists Newcastle sold out every game, alternative topics of conversation are practically nonexistent in the North-east.

There will be money available to Reid if he takes them back up. He made Quinn the club's record signing at £1.3 million, hardly extravagant considering that it is almost 20 years since Brian Clough made Trevor Francis the first British million-pound footballer.

He has since paid £2.5 million for Lee Clark from Newcastle, though one senses Reid feels it is somehow cheating to flip open a cheque-book and ask prospective sellers how many penguins to add. Unlike Lord Irvine, he actually enjoys buying at the B & Q end of the market, his £550,000 capture of Allan Johnston from Rennes being more typical.

Best of all was the poaching, if not downright larceny, of the striker Kevin Phillips from Watford, who has scored 20 goals this season, all but four of them in the league. This was a classic coup by Reid, who noted Phillips in a 1-1 draw against Sunderland three years ago.

Reid says: "I kept looking at this little fellow causing us all kinds of problems. He was a real pain in the arse, so I wrote his name down as a possible future signing. He was out injured for a year after that but I saw he was back at the end of last season and saw he had scored a hat-trick. So I asked Watford's manager Glenn Roeder about him and he swore by him."

If Sunderland walk through the Premiership doors next month, they will hand over a final payment which will take Phillips's fee to £600,000. Sunderland began this season at a mid-table style, limp rather than a promotion clip, losing five times in their first 10 league games. After a 4-0 defeat at Reading, Reid brought in such youngsters as Jody Craddock, Darren Holloway and Darren Williams. He says: "It's always a gamble when you bring in four or five young lads together but they came in and their performances have kept them in."

Since that Reading derailment Sunderland have lost only twice in 32 games, and a distant dream of making the play-offs has turned into a conviction that they will go up in one of the two automatic promotion places.

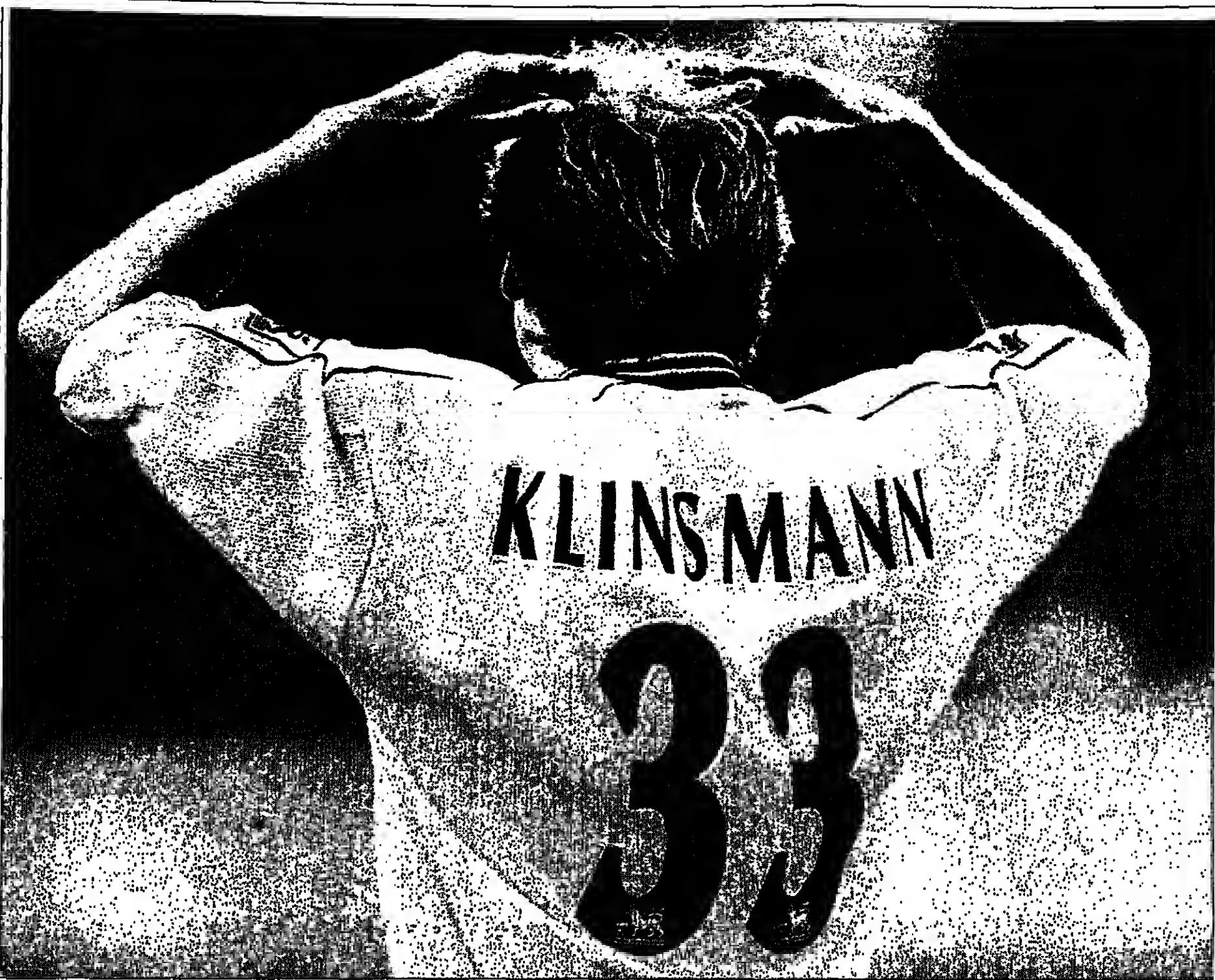
Reid is familiar with both ends of the greasy pole, having been recruited in March 1995 to save Sunderland from the Second Division. That job accomplished, he took Sunderland into the Premiership as First Division champions, where they made history by going down 15 minutes after last season had ended.

Having lost to a 90th-minute goal at Wimbledon, there were still 15 minutes to go after a delayed kick-off at White Hart Lane, where Spurs were facing the seemingly doomed Coventry. Most Sunderland players and fans listened to Coventry's faithful win on the radio. Reid "had a large Scotch instead".



Peter Reid and Sunderland's bench

RICHARD SELLERS



Stuttering saviour... Klinsmann is using Spurs as a gymnasium before the World Cup, claim supporters who had hoped he might be the side's saviour

PHOTOGRAPH: STUART ATKINS

## Tottering Spurs haunted by superstars in sepia

**Stolid, regimental, joyless and plain. Paul Hayward on the decline of a team who were maverick and extravagant in the days of Greaves, Gascoigne, Ardiles and the other White Hart Lane buccaneers**

**D**AVID GINOLA may be yesterday's moneymaker in France but in America suddenly he's hot. This week, Newsweek magazine's Paris bureau chief descended on the Spurs training ground at Chigwell for an interview.

The L'Oréal haircare advert has made Ginola an unlikely star in the United States. As he passed the Spurs training ground at Chigwell for an interview.

The L'Oréal haircare advert has made Ginola an unlikely star in the United States. As he passed the Spurs training ground at Chigwell for an interview.

Tottering Hotspur face Newcastle United, another creaking, nostalgia-obsessed plc, at White Hart Lane today with just two points and one place between them and the relegation zone. It is not the time to be noticing that the training centre Alan Sugar built near his mansion is not much more than a Ginola chip away from Chigwell Sewage Works.

A synopsis but a memo, too, to the grumblers inside his own dressing-room.

The ghosts are gathering around Sugar and his club, Gross and his team — the team Gerry Francis built before he resigned mournfully in early November. As the players squared up to their three vital games against Newcastle, Wimbledon and Southampton, it seemed apt that the guest of honour marching cheerfully on to the Wembley pitch for the England-Portugal match was Bill Nicholson, creator of the Spurs Double-winning side of 1961, the first this century.

The clutch of Tottenham addicts huddling outside the gates needed no reminding that the red enemy from Highbury might just be heading for their second Double since the Seventies. Tottenham are no longer the biggest club in north London, never mind London. In the Premiership table Arsenal, Chelsea, West Ham and even Wimbledon sit above them pushing (and possibly willing) them down.

The self-crucifying tendencies of football fans can take on a parodic, hysterical tone. It could be argued that, to borrow a line from L'Oréal, Spurs are merely having a bad hair year, and that tantrums are being thrown prematurely by supporters obsessed with the club's past and so-called birthright. But enough people are willing to whisper that the problems go much deeper.

The neutral observer is encouraged to believe that the club is short-circuiting, like one of Sugar's cheaper Amstrad computers. Optimistic Tottenham fans or former players are about as numerous as Jürgen Klinsmann's goals. The club is, the consensus goes, a living parable of what happens when businessmen and short-termism get hold of a sacred tradition.

The salon bar prognostics of the average N17 masochist. The coach is a clueless sergeant-major who picks the wrong team and doesn't understand the Tottenham heritage. He'll be sacked over the summer anyway. The club's saviour Klinsmann (substituted at half-time last week) is using the place as a kind of gym to get ready for the World Cup; Ferdinand is a decent player but was overpriced and is injured too much; Anderton is a Tottenham type but could hurt himself licking a stamp; Ginola is sublime and is playing the Tottenham way. Campbell is talented but has lost his confidence; and the rest of the squad are an assortment of great casts and mismatches with great cars and terrible body

tion to training routines. Not that they are doing too badly. The latest signing Moussa Saïh had his Porsche Boxster delivered on time.

The fault-lines are not difficult to locate. Amazingly, Spurs have won only nine of their 35 league games and their goal difference is a poor mious-15. Ginola, a midfielder, is their leading scorer in the league with only six goals to his credit.

In attack Ferdinand, Chris Armstrong and Steven Iversen have been injured in rotation and at the back Campbell and Ramon Vega are less than imperious.

The club resembles a huge theatre of hit-part players who never form a proper cast. Though Francis brought most of them in, Gross is thought

to be impressed that Spurs are now in the second tranche of profit-making clubs along with Aston Villa and Newcastle. Only Manchester United and Liverpool make bigger operating surpluses.

These men and women don't measure out their footballing lives in profit and loss, though they may judge their own households that way. The Blanchflower proverb about winning with style haunts them. They are tortured to be in a position where the only priority with three games left is to survive as Arsenal sail away.

Of those around him Gross says: "They are very positive. It's the positive approach that's important in difficult games. The fans are outstanding. They're following us everywhere and they're right behind the team." Elsewhere, with Newsweek coming but slightly delayed, the plaintive cry went up: "The Americans are lost in Chigwell."

If the Jeremiahs are right, Spurs are lurching from week to week without the first page of a long-term plan, never mind the honeyed vision of theatrical flourishes that always sustained the club. But they will at least take heart from Ginola's observation on the eve of yet another relegation battle for Tottering Hotspur: "Football is a matter of creativity and imagination."

Christian Gross's Spurs are no longer the biggest side in north London, never mind London, as the others push them down



language.

Oh, and give us players of the calibre of Hoddie and Waddie, not more twaddle. And Gascoigne and Linaker, and Ardiles and Greaves and Blanchflower and all the other buccaneering souls whose portraits around the walls of White Hart Lane are in danger of turning to sepia.

It is the tiny glimpses of things that add up to worrying portents for a club few neutrals would have found reason to dislike: Gross, trudging along troubled and alone after training on Thursday; Ian Walker berating himself relentlessly after making a tiny mistake against Barnsley last Saturday; the players, in the most crucial three weeks of the club's life, complaining to the media about everything from team selec-

likely to disappear into the maelstrom from which he emerged clutching an 18-month contract and a Tube ticket in a PR gesture that was generally adjudged to have fallen flat.

The players have not taken to Gross's austere regime. But he insists it is working. "The team looks sharp. In the second half they are able to maintain the pace over 90 minutes," he says. "My fitness sessions are shorter but more intense. Often in our defeats you could see us conceding goals in the second half. But it's not just that we've increased the fitness levels. The team looks more compact. It's a shorter team on the pitch and it's harder now to play against us."

Gross's fiercest critics forget that Spurs were 16th in

the table when he took over and are only 17th now. But the players talk openly of feuds and resentment inside the camp: between Gross and Klinsmann, Vega and Klinsmann and so on.

Interestingly, Gross has made a semi-ally of Ginola, who is being allowed to play largely where and how he likes. The subject of Newsweek's curiosity revealed something of the nature of their pact when he said on Thursday: "Where I play I have all the game around me. Too many players put pressure on the manager. If I go against him it would be a big problem for him."

When Gross arrived at White Hart Lane he said: "I believe in strict discipline. I will have a strict dress code

and strict punctuality because these are important things you have to get right straight away. I will do the job the way I want it done. I do not tolerate any interference and any player under me has to accept that."

It was stirring rhetoric, which would have carried more weight, say insiders, if he had also shown a willingness to bend to English ways. His CV didn't help. A coaching background with Grasshopper of Zurich and FC Wil was always unlikely to impress some of Tottenham's more self-basting celebs.

From the mouths of the older Spurs regulars, the goodfellas if you like, there comes a never-ending burble of memories stretching back decades. Even as money men themselves they are unlikely

to be impressed that Spurs are now in the second tranche of profit-making clubs along with Aston Villa and Newcastle. Only Manchester United and Liverpool make bigger operating surpluses.

These men and women don't measure out their footballing lives in profit and loss, though they may judge their own households that way. The Blanchflower proverb about winning with style haunts them. They are tortured to be in a position where the only priority with three games left is to survive as Arsenal sail away.

Of those around him Gross says: "They are very positive. It's the positive approach that's important in difficult games. The fans are outstanding. They're following us everywhere and they're right behind the team." Elsewhere, with Newsweek coming but slightly delayed, the plaintive cry went up: "The Americans are lost in Chigwell."

If the Jeremiahs are right, Spurs are lurching from week to week without the first page of a long-term plan, never mind the honeyed vision of theatrical flourishes that always sustained the club. But they will at least take heart from Ginola's observation on the eve of yet another relegation battle for Tottering Hotspur: "Football is a matter of creativity and imagination."

## Premiership

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Arsenal	33	20	8	4	61	28	69
Man Utd	32	20	8	7	55	26	68
Liverpool	34	18	11	7	25	37	67
Chelsea	34	18	3	13	84	24	57
Leeds	35	17	8	10	59	39	57
West Ham	34	15	7	12	47	42	53
Blackburn	34	14	9	11	56	50	51
Aston Villa	35	16	14	4	44	24	51
Derby	34	14	7	13	49	44	49
Leicester	34	11	13	10	43	37	46
Coventry	34	11	13	10	40	40	46
Sheff Wed	35	11	7	17	45	50	41
Wimbledon	34	10	11	13	31	42	41
Sheff Wed	35	11	8	16	46	62	41
Nottingham	34	10	14	10	32	40	40
Barnsley	35	9	12	14	38	48	39
Tottenham	35	9	10	16	35	53	37
Reading	35	10	6	20	37	77	35
Sheff Wed	35	7	15	12	45	70	34
Crystal Palace	34	7	8	19	31	50	29















The Guardian Saturday April 25 1998

Racing

Ron Cox expects Kim Bailey to clinch his third training victory in today's big race

# Cariboo chasing Whitbread Gold

**W**HATEVER shape Sandown Park's rain-hit card finally takes today the Whitbread Gold Cup looks like a good news for the connections of Cariboo Gold, who by passed last Saturday's Scottish Grand National at Ayr to wait for this.

A fresh horse, at his best at this time of year, and carrying bottom weight, Cariboo Gold has plenty going for him against opponents who have nearly all endured a busy campaign.

Cariboo Gold was suffering from the virus which ravaged Kim Bailey's stable when running poorly in the Coral Welsh National in December. It has been a long haul to get him back to form, and he was considered in need of the race when chasing home in Truth in the Kim Muir at last month's Cheltenham Festival.

Reports from Lambourn suggest Cariboo Gold has gone the right way since then. He may not have the class of Bailey's previous Whitbread winners, Mr Frisk and Docklands Express, but carries plenty of stable confidence.

The big meetings at Cheltenham and Aintree generally point the way to the Whitbread winner, and Cheltenham form could hardly be better represented than by Cool Dawn, the Gold Cup winner himself.

Trainer Robert Alner is naturally keen to exploit Cool Dawn's old handicap mark - he will be 22lb higher in future - but warns that the 10-year-old will not run in the event of further substantial rain.

Well treated though he undoubtedly is, Cool Dawn did have a hard race at Cheltenham, and this could also come too soon for Endure - second in the Scottish National at Ayr a week ago, and Call it Day, third in the recent Irish equivalent at Fairyhouse.

Softer ground should enable Dom Samourai to step up on last Saturday's running at Ayr, but he has had some hard races this season.

Fine Thyme, on the other hand, has had a good break and goes well fresh. He makes some such-warm appeal, but Cariboo Gold (3.30) looks the answer.

It hardly needs saying that



Pat Eddery powers home on Mondschein (second left) in the Lincoln Mild Cigar Maiden at Sandown yesterday

PHOTOGRAPH: JULIAN HERBERT/SPORT

fitness, plus the ability to act in soft ground, will be of paramount importance in the Flat races. Ambiguous, Circus and Apprehension qualify on both counts and will be hard to beat in their respective races.

Super-fit following an all-weather stint, Ambiguous (2.15) was a revelation in the mud when switching back to turf racing at Ripon, making most of the running and drawing away to win by two and a half lengths. David Loder's colt can defy a rib rise to follow up in the David Lloyd Lelsure Handicap.

Apprehension (4.45) handled the soft ground well at Newmarket when touching off Almusharak in the Earl of Sefton Stakes. The runner-up made no mistake at Sandown yesterday, and Apprehension can give Loder a double in the Marriott Hotel's Gordon Richards Stakes.

While Circus (4.10) may be flattered by his Craven Stakes third to Xaar and Gulland, beaten five lengths by the close finishers, Clive Brittain's colt will appreciate the extra two furlongs of the Thoroughbred Classic Trial.

John Gosden's Alutathir is probably a better prospect, but his stable has yet to hit form.

At Warwick has been added to the programme, along with a novice chase to form a nine-race card.

Sue Ellen, United Racecourses managing director, explained: "The forecast is grim for tonight and the five furlong track is already very wet and will probably be unrideable."

"There is a chance we could lose the other flat races, which originally would have left us with just the Whit-

## Sandown ready for action

**S**ANDOWN, which holds a 7.45am inspection, have three alternative programmes planned for this afternoon's Whitbread Gold Cup meeting.

With the forecast of heavy overnight rain threatening to wipe out at least part of the track, track executives and the British Horseracing Board have drafted an unprecedented contingency plan to guarantee some racing. A chase from yesterday's abandoned card

at Warwick has been added to the programme, along with a novice chase to form a nine-race card.

Sue Ellen, United Racecourses managing director, explained: "The forecast is grim for tonight and the five furlong track is already very wet and will probably be unrideable."

"There is a chance we could lose the other flat races, which originally would have left us with just the Whit-

bread Gold Cup and one other chase.

"At the moment we must assume we will have a nine-race card with the two five furlong races tacked on the end."

"If they go then there will be a card of three flat and four jumps races and if we lose the flat races then we will have four chases."

Today's scheduled Ripon meeting was called off yesterday owing to waterlogging.

## Sandown Jackpot card with form guide

FROM COX	TOP FORM
2.15 2.30 2.40 2.50 3.00 3.10 3.20 3.30 3.40 3.50 4.00 4.10 4.20 4.30 4.40 4.50 5.00 5.10 5.20 5.30 5.40 5.50 6.00 6.10 6.20 6.30 6.40 6.50 7.00 7.10 7.20 7.30 7.40 7.50 8.00 8.10 8.20 8.30 8.40 8.50 9.00 9.10 9.20 9.30 9.40 9.50 10.00 10.10 10.20 10.30 10.40 10.50 11.00 11.10 11.20 11.30 11.40 11.50 12.00 12.10 12.20 12.30 12.40 12.50 13.00 13.10 13.20 13.30 13.40 13.50 14.00 14.10 14.20 14.30 14.40 14.50 15.00 15.10 15.20 15.30 15.40 15.50 16.00 16.10 16.20 16.30 16.40 16.50 17.00 17.10 17.20 17.30 17.40 17.50 18.00 18.10 18.20 18.30 18.40 18.50 19.00 19.10 19.20 19.30 19.40 19.50 20.00 20.10 20.20 20.30 20.40 20.50 21.00 21.10 21.20 21.30 21.40 21.50 22.00 22.10 22.20 22.30 22.40 22.50 23.00 23.10 23.20 23.30 23.40 23.50 24.00 24.10 24.20 24.30 24.40 24.50 25.00 25.10 25.20 25.30 25.40 25.50 26.00 26.10 26.20 26.30 26.40 26.50 27.00 27.10 27.20 27.30 27.40 27.50 28.00 28.10 28.20 28.30 28.40 28.50 29.00 29.10 29.20 29.30 29.40 29.50 30.00 30.10 30.20 30.30 30.40 30.50 31.00 31.10 31.20 31.30 31.40 31.50 32.00 32.10 32.20 32.30 32.40 32.50 33.00 33.10 33.20 33.30 33.40 33.50 34.00 34.10 34.20 34.30 34.40 34.50 35.00 35.10 35.20 35.30 35.40 35.50 36.00 36.10 36.20 36.30 36.40 36.50 37.00 37.10 37.20 37.30 37.40 37.50 38.00 38.10 38.20 38.30 38.40 38.50 39.00 39.10 39.20 39.30 39.40 39.50 40.00 40.10 40.20 40.30 40.40 40.50 41.00 41.10 41.20 41.30 41.40 41.50 42.00 42.10 42.20 42.30 42.40 42.50 43.00 43.10 43.20 43.30 43.40 43.50 44.00 44.10 44.20 44.30 44.40 44.50 45.00 45.10 45.20 45.30 45.40 45.50 46.00 46.10 46.20 46.30 46.40 46.50 47.00 47.10 47.20 47.30 47.40 47.50 48.00 48.10 48.20 48.30 48.40 48.50 49.00 49.10 49.20 49.30 49.40 49.50 50.00 50.10 50.20 50.30 50.40 50.50 51.00 51.10 51.20 51.30 51.40 51.50 52.00 52.10 52.20 52.30 52.40 52.50 53.00 53.10 53.20 53.30 53.40 53.50 54.00 54.10 54.20 54.30 54.40 54.50 55.00 55.10 55.20 55.30 55.40 55.50 56.00 56.10 56.20 56.30 56.40 56.50 57.00 57.10 57.20 57.30 57.40 57.50 58.00 58.10 58.20 58.30 58.40 58.50 59.00 59.10 59.20 59.30 59.40 59.50 60.00 60.10 60.20 60.30 60.40 60.50 61.00 61.10 61.20 61.30 61.40 61.50 62.00 62.10 62.20 62.30 62.40 62.50 63.00 63.10 63.20 63.30 63.40 63.50 64.00 64.10 64.20 64.30 64.40 64.50 65.00 65.10 65.20 65.30 65.40 65.50 66.00 66.10 66.20 66.30 66.40 66.50 67.00 67.10 67.20 67.30 67.40 67.50 68.00 68.10 68.20 68.30 68.40 68.50 69.00 69.10 69.20 69.30 69.40 69.50 70.00 70.10 70.20 70.30 70.40 70.50 71.00 71.10 71.20 71.30 71.40 71.50 72.00 72.10 72.20 72.30 72.40 72.50 73.00 73.10 73.20 73.30 73.40 73.50 74.00 74.10 74.20 74.30 74.40 74.50 75.00 75.10 75.20 75.30 75.40 75.50 76.00 76.10 76.20 76.30 76.40 76.50 77.00 77.10 77.20 77.30 77.40 77.50 78.00 78.10 78.20 78.30 78.40 78.50 79.00 79.10 79.20 79.30 79.40 79.50 80.00 80.10 80.20 80.30 80.40 80.50 81.00 81.10 81.20 81.30 81.40 81.50 82.00 82.10 82.20 82.30 82.40 82.50 83.00 83.10 83.20 83.30 83.40 83.50 84.00 84.10 84.20 84.30 84.40 84.50 85.00 85.10 85.20 85.30 85.40 85.50 86.00 86.10 86.20 86.30 86.40 86.50 87.00 87.10 87.20 87.30 87.40 87.50 88.00 88.10 88.20 88.30 88.40 88.50 89.00 89.10 89.20 89.30 89.40 89.50 90.00 90.10 90.20 90.30 90.40 90.50 91.00 91.10 91.20 91.30 91.40 91.50 92.00 92.10 92.20 92.30 92.40 92.50 93.00 93.10 93.20 93.30 93.40 93.50 94.00 94.10 94.20 94.30 94.40 94.50 95.00 95.10 95.20 95.30 95.40 95.50 96.00 96.10 96.20 96.30 96.40 96.50 97.00 97.10 97.20 97.30 97.40 97.50 98.00 98.10 98.20 98.30 98.40 98.50 99.00 99.10 99.20 99.30 99.40 99.50 100.00 100.10 100.20 100.30 100.40 100.50	

FROM COX	TOP FORM
2.15 2.30 2.40 2.50 3.00 3.10 3.20 3.30 3.40 3.50 4.00 4.10 4.20 4.30 4.40 4.50 5.00 5.10 5.20 5.30 5.40 5.50 6.00 6.10 6.20 6.30 6.40 6.50 7.00 7.10 7.20 7.30 7.40 7.50 8.00 8.10 8.20 8.30 8.40 8.50 9.00 9.10 9.20 9.30 9.40 9.50 10.00 10.10 10.20 10.30 10.40 10.50 11.00 11.10 11.20 11.30 11.40 11.50 12.00 12.10 12.20 12.30 12.40 12.50 13.00 13.10 13.20 13.30 13.40 13.50 14.00 14.10 14.20 14.30 14.40 14.50 15.00 15.10 15.20 15.30 15.40 15.50 16.00 16.10 16.20 16.30 16.40 16.50 17.00 17.10 17.20 17.30 17.40 17.50 18.00 18.10 18.20 18.30 18.40 18.50 19.00 19.10 19.20 19.30 19.40 19.50 20.00 20.10 20.20 20.30 20.40 20.50 21.00 21.10 21.20 21.30 21.40 21.50 22.00 22.10 22.20 22.30 22.40 22.50 23.00 23.10 23.20 23.30 23.40 23.50 24.00 24.10 24.20 24.30 24.40 24.50 25.00 25.10 25.20 25.30 25.40 25.50 26.00 26.10 26.20 26.30 26.40 26.50 27.00 27.10 27.20 27.30 27.40 27.50 28.00 28.10 28.20 28.30 28.40 28.50 29.00 29.10 29.20 29.30 29.40 29.50 30.00 30.10 30.20 30.30 30.40 30.50 31.00 31.10 31.20 31.30 31.40 31.50 32.00 32.10 32.20 32.30 32.40 32.50 33.00 33.10 33.20 33.30 33.40 33.50 34.00 34.10 34.20 34.30 34.40 34.50 35.00 35.10 35.20 35.30 35.40 35.50 36.00 36.10 36.20 36.30 36.40 36.50 37.00 37.10 37.20 37.30 37.40 37.50 38.00 38.10 38.20 38.30 38.40 38.50 39.00 39.10 39.20 39.30 39.40 39.50 40.00 40.10 40.20 40.30 40.40 40.50 41.00 41.10 41.20 41.30 41.40 41.50 42.00 42.10 42.20 42.30 42.40 42.50 43.00 43.10 43.20 43.30 43.40 43.50 44.00 44.10 44.20 44.30 44.40 44.50 45.00 45.10 45.20 45.30 45.40 45.50 46.00 46.10 46.20 46.30 46.40 46.50 47.00 47.10 47.20 47.30 47.40 47.50 48.00 48.10 48.20 48.30 48.40 48.50 49.00 49.10 49.20 49.30 49.40 49.50 50.00 50.10 50.20 50.30 50.40 50.50 51.00 51.10 51.20 51.30 51.40 51.50 52.00 52.10 52.20 52.30 52.40 52.50 53.00 53.10 53.20 53.30 53.40 53.50 54.00 54.10 54.20 54.30 54.40 54.50 55.00 55.10 55.20 55.30 55.40 55.50 56.00 56.10 56.20 56.30 56.40 56.50 57.00 57.10 57.20 57.30 57.40 57.50 58.00 58.10 58.20 58.30 58.40 58.50 59.00 59.10 59.20 59.30 59.40 59.50 60.00 60.10 60.20 60.30 60.40 60.50 61.00 61.10 61.20 61.30 61.40 61.50 62.00 62.10 62.20 62.30 62.40 62.50 63.00 63.10 63.20 63.30 63.40 63.50 64.00 64.10 64.20 64.30 64.40 64.50 65.00 65.10 65.20 65.30 65.40 65.50 66.00 66.10 66.20 66.30 66.40 66.50 67.00 67.10 67.20 67.30 67.40 67.50 68.00 68.10 68.20 68.30 68.40 68.50 69.00 69.10 69.20 69.30 69.40 69.50 70.00 70.10 70.20 70.30 70.40 70.50 71.00 71.10 71.20 71.30 71.40 71.50 72.00 72.10 72.20 72.30 72.40 72.50 73.00 73.10 73.20 73.30 73.40 73.50 74.00 74.10 74.20 74.30 74.40 74.50 75.00 75.10 75.20 75.30 75.40 75.50 76.00 76.10 76.20 76.30 76.40 76.50 77.00 77.10 77.20 77.30 77.40 77.50 78.00 78.10 78.20 78.30 78.40 78.50 79.00 79.10 79.20 79.30 79.40 79.50 80.00 80.10 80.20 80.30 80.40 80.50 81.00 81.10 81.20 81.30 81.40 81.50 82.00 82.10 82.20 82.30 82.40 82.50 83.00 83.10 83.20 83.30 83.40 83.50 84.00 84.10 84.20 84.30 84.40 84.50 85.00 85.10 85.20 85.30 85.40 85.50 86.00 86.10 86.20 86.30 86.40 86.50 87.00 87.10 87.20 87.30 87.40 87.50 88.00 88.10 88.20 88.30 88.40 88.50 89.00 89.10 89.20 89.30 89.40 89.50 90.00 90.10 90.20 90.30 90.40 90.50 91.00 91.10 91.20 91.30 91.40 91.50 92.00 92.10 92.20 92.30 92.40 92.50 93.00 93.10 93.20 93.30 93.40 93.50 94.00 94.10 94.20 94.30 94.40 94.50 95.00 95.10 95.20 95.30 95.40 95.50 96.00 96.10 96.20 96.30 96.40 96.50 97.00 97.10 97.20 97.30 97.40 97.50 98.00 98.10 98.20 98.30 98.40 98.50 99.00 99.10 99.20 99.30 99.40 99.50 100.00 100.10 100.20 100.30 100.40 100.50	

## Market Rasen (N.H.)

FROM COX		TOP FORM	
2.10	Members Welcome	Golden Lily	
2.40	Overcast Strike	Charmous Trick	
3.10	Primative Struck	Pruductive Struck (new)	
3.40	Boardroom Sheffie	Boardroom Sheffie	
4.20	Skynals	Skynals	
4.55	—	Resolute Ark	
5.30	Murderous Piss	—	
6.00	Trifely Trever	—	

One, right-handed track of 10ten with 250yds run-in. Undulating and favours the handy, or turning, ploy.

Going: Calcas, Soft, Hurdles, good to soft, v. Deniges linkers.

2-10-



Return of a free spirit



Back in focus... Gidkins enjoyed all the old sensations in a Warwickshire debut against Durham that saw him equal his best bowling haul

# Gidkins takes a new line

David Hopps meets the former Sussex fast bowler seeking to forge a career with Warwickshire after a drugs ban threatened to leave him high and dry

ED GIDDINS'S declaration that he was planning a book entitled *The Bare Necessities* caused a sudden intake of breath. As if becoming cricket's most notorious drugs victim was not bad enough, what other lurid revelations remained in store from one of England's most talented and free-spirited fast bowlers?

"No," he explained with exaggerated patience. "Bear Necessities... Warwickshire's nickname: The Bears... Walt Disney's *Jungle Book* and all that stuff."

A mildly shocked expression seemed to concede that such an inoffensive title hardly begins to sum up the troubles of an incomplete career — a career which ran aground from the moment he failed a random drugs test during a Sunday league match for Sussex because his urine sample revealed traces of cocaine.

There had been a few cannabis cases in cricket before — Ian Botham's confession that he had smoked an occasional joint while an England player caused all kinds of ructions in the 1980s — but the first positive cocaine test was widely regarded in the

game as a more disturbing development.

Gidkins's contention that his drink at a party had been spiked was viewed unsympathetically. Sussex's general committee, itself about to be usurped by a members' rebellion, summarily sacked him for bringing dishonour on the county, how could you trust the type who even went to that sort of party? A disciplinary hearing at Lord's imposed an 18-month ban.

"There were suggestions afterwards that if I'd admitted to a drugs problem, like Paul Mason in football, I might have gained more sympathy," he said.

"But why should I pretend the situation is more serious than it is, so that someone will take pity on me? I have not got and never have had a drugs problem. It's as simple as that."

This week he reflected upon the affair more philosophically, sprawled in an Edgbaston committee room, bemoaning the tipping rain which, with a tense finish in prospect, had ruined the climax of his first game back with his new county Warwickshire.

By cricket standards the fact that he wandered into committee territory without a

pair of socks was enough to confirm him as a bit of a non-conformist, although in truth the place had been deserted for hours. Even the wine remained untouched.

His Warwickshire debut could hardly have run more smoothly. Six wickets in Durham's first innings equalled his best haul in half a dozen seasons at Sussex. He had not bowled well but he had explored the old sensations: the

and I was trying too much — inswinger, outswinger, the full repertoire, making up for what I'd missed. I was spraying it everywhere."

Charged with the first over of Warwickshire's new season, he sent his first three balls tramping down the leg side. The fourth was wide outside off stump. Jon Lewis was bowled by the fifth. In Edgbaston's echoing stands a few hundred pinched spectators



**'I've not had to re-evaluate myself. But I'll be sleeping a lot more this summer. You get so knackered playing this game'**

satisfaction when the ball swings, the abrupt uprooting of a stump, the private reflections in the deep amid the satisfying fatigue of a completed spell.

"I took a few wickets but I didn't bowl particularly well. Three crap spells and a good one late on Saturday. There were lots of things I needed to sort out. I was getting too close to the stumps, I wasn't following through properly

grunted their approval. Many view Gidkins as on trial.

On-pitch celebrations were also muted. Gidkins has returned with the motto of a wiseman on an even keel: "Never show emotion, never show surprise."

"I'll tell you why," he says. "Otherwise your emotional graph flies uncontrollably up and down. If you do badly, evaluate it, don't get down in the dumps. If you do well,

the start of the season. When Durham then dismissed Lara for a duck, four years after the West Indian batsman had milked them on the same ground for a world-record 301 not out, Gidkins's presence was virtually forgotten.

Not that he would have been unduly disturbed by the publicity. There is an agreeable hint of the theatrical in him, enough certainly to feel

comfortable with the attention; there is enough, too, to hold him in good stead if he makes the grade as an England bowler.

"It wouldn't have bothered me if it had been camera, camera, camera," he said. "I've not been humiliated. I've not had to re-evaluate myself. But I'll be sleeping a lot more this summer. You get so knackered playing this game. It's not just the following day that affects you after a late night, it's the gradual build-up. You begin to lose your edge."

One senses that Gidkins has engaged in more re-evaluation than he cares to examine. No remorse — that much is plain — but a contemplation of where his career might yet lead. A recognition gained during his enforced absence that his own England Test debut will be won not by an occasional flash performance but by reliability.

"Angus Fraser showed in the West Indies that there is no substitute for consistency," he reasoned. "England selection is out of my control but those who perform day in, day out will break through."

Warwickshire's success in the Nineties has owed much to a dressing-room ethos which allies independent thought to personal responsibility. Gidkins — irreverent, venturesome and unconventional — will have no better opportunity to succeed.

As Durham's wickets fell he debated with his new-ball partner Dougie Brown which kind of cricket he wanted, the satisfying delivery or the total fluke. Gidkins settled for the fluke, reveling in the craziness of it all.

His week closed with a championship match against Surrey at The Oval, more rain and the enticing prospect of a private battle against the Surrey batsman Nadeem Shah. They shared a flat in Wandsworth during Gidkins's first-class ban and have survived the past two winters by selling Christmas trees from a shop in Old York Road.

"We'd be up at four in the morning, collecting trees in Winchester and bringing them back up the M3 to open the shop by 8.30," Gidkins said. "We'd do about 300 a week. One Saturday night we ran out of trees and offered a guy a free one if we could borrow his pick-up to get fresh supplies. He even loaned us his company petrol card."

Throughout last winter Ed and Nad visited a gym in Putney almost daily before allowing themselves three weeks off in Thailand. "Good behaviour," Gidkins tells that they were the only Twentysomething tourists in Thailand not having a drink. They also joined Robin Smith for a fortnight in St Moritz, playing cricket on the ice.

He had not always been so energetic. During the previous winter his enthusiasm had plummeted. His weight touched 16 stone. A year ago, during his debut for Bromley in the Kent League, he chuckled that he nearly keeled over after three overs.

"I was fat, yeah, just lack of exercise and eating shit. No depression, none of that. Nad helped shake me back into life. If we were out for the night and Nad saw an obese person, he would say, 'That's what you're going to look like when you open the bowling for Warwickshire.' I needed that."

The new Gidkins is back to his fighting weight of 13½ stone and sports a modest ginger beard, although his survival is dependent upon him bowling well. "One bad day and it's off," he said. "Shave it electrolysis, I'll even wax it if I have to."

After the lightheartedness came a heavier pause. "You know it's gone so quick the time. It's the shunt by," he murmured.

He slipped into the middle distance, any regrets he might harbour about the past now supplanted by an increasing impatience to unmask the future.

## Your favourite teeth-grinders on the telly

### THIS SPORTING LIFE

Harry Pearson

**"T**HE new breed of football fan," my friend Tim is saying, "does not realise what it used to be like. Nowadays it's all 'glamorous', 'cool', 'stylish' — but back then..." He lets out the horrified snarl of a show-jumping horse that has just heard the words, "And this is your mount, Mr Skeete".

"Bloody hell," Tim says. "It was unrecognisably masculine, unappealing, like something from the 19th century. Sometimes I can't believe football survived that period."

I nod in agreement. "Yes," I say, "Rud Gullit's moustache really was awful."

"Almost stopped watching European football as a result of it," Tim admits.

Though this may seem like an over-reaction, I believe it is an understandable one. For it is a well-known fact that most long-term relationships which end in acrimony do so not because of major betrayals but as a result of the cumulative, ranking effect of small aspects of a partner's personal appearance or habits.

Like a single nasal hair that goes perpetually unclipped; leaving navel fluff in the sink; saying "John White of Spurs" double-winning side was struck by a flash of lightning, you know" whenever there is a thunderstorm. That kind of thing.

As in life, so in sport. It is not the big events — the lies, the deceit, the profligate spending — which send the

time to have to button your lip over so much that is teeth-grindingly annoying.

The jut of Andy Caddick's bottom as he starts his run-up, for example, or the way golfers wave to the crowd without looking at them, or that moment in an interview when a player refers to a teammate by his nickname and then stops to explain who he means — "Then in comes Judge. That's Robin Smith, by the way" — or Paolo Di Canio's teeny-weeny shorts.

The ephemeral nature of athletic fame is usually seen as a cause for wistfulness and regret, though in this case I can't help seeing it as a consolation. Irritations come and go but nothing, not even Martin Johnson's eyebrow, goes on for ever. Without such continual change sport might have perished long ago.

The audience for tennis would surely have shrunk to the size of Douglas Hall's female fan club (Tyneside branch) had aficionados thought they were doomed for all eternity to watching Bjorn Borg blow on his fingers before receiving service.

How great would be the interest in cricket today if fans knew that they were destined to a lifetime of seeing Ian Chappell adjusting his box between deliveries in a manner that once had parents across the nation yelling "If you keep playing with it, it will drop right off, my lad" at their TV sets?

The applications for membership of the MCC would dwindle to a trickle if acceptance brought only the benefits of a rhinobarb-and-custard tie and 30 years watching the little dainty steps of Merv Hughes approaching the wicket. Or Tony Greig's upturned collar. Three decades of Allan Lamb's ostentatious gum-chewing and they'd be able to hold their agn in a telephone box.

And what viewing figures would the television networks anticipate if this summer's



Rud reminder... Gullit, Milan-style, way back in 1990

lifelong supporter to the Yellow Pages to look up the number of a solicitor, but the repetitious and maddening drip, drip of irksome detail: the crouching, Groucho Marx jog of a crown green bowler following an important wood; football boots with tongues that fold down over the laces. Greg Rusedski's wholesome teeth.

Fewer people have turned off the television set and belittled "Football, never again" as a result of failing playing standards, on-field conduct, than because they simply could not face sitting through another cup final knowing that the winners' lap of honour would climax with some grinning imbecile wearing the lid of the trophy as a hat.

After 25 years or so of living in close proximity to their loved, it is hardly surprising most sports fans begin to get a little tetchy. That is a long

World Cup were to bring only more of Bebe's rocking-the-baby goal celebration. Maradona's little-boy-heaps-for-forgiveness gesture to referees, or Rudi Voller's profile?

Gary Lineker is a national hero and a thoroughly decent fellow, but how many more of those rueful head shakes when he was caught offside could we have endured before we threw a teapot at him?

This summer will undoubtedly bring its fair share of things — ludicrous appealing from spin bowlers, male sprinters who insist on showing their nipples at the end of every race — that grate and gall.

Your relationship with the sports you love can survive, however. As long as you keep a sense of perspective, avoid the rants and remember that like Rud Gullit's moustache, these things too will soon be a thing of the past.

## Sin bin

An eclectic collection of slip-ups and shockers from the far corners of the sporting world

**Banks charges**

Three banks, the self-styled "Bank of England", the "Bank of America" and the "Bank of Scotland", have been charged with providing false information about the 2000 World Cup.

The charges were made by the Football Association (FA) in a letter to the banks on April 22.

The FA said the banks had provided false information about the 2000 World Cup, which was to be held in England.

The FA said the banks had provided false information about the 2000 World Cup, which was to be held in England.

The FA said the banks had provided false information about the 2000 World Cup, which was to be held in England.

**Africa expressed a bid for an interest in the 2000 World Cup**

South Africa has expressed a bid for an interest in the 2000 World Cup, which was to be held in England.

The bid was made by the South African Football Federation (SAFF) in a letter to the FA on April 22.

The SAFF said it wanted to be involved in the 2000 World Cup, which was to be held in England.

The SAFF said it wanted to be involved in the 2000 World Cup, which was to be held in England.

The SAFF said it wanted to be involved in the 2000 World Cup, which was to be held in England.

**How to solve all the problems in four simple sums**

The Department of Education has issued a guide to help teachers solve all the problems in four simple sums.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

**Sight screen**

The Department of Education has issued a guide to help teachers solve all the problems in four simple sums.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

**New Lads**

The Department of Education has issued a guide to help teachers solve all the problems in four simple sums.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

**Security blanket**

The Department of Education has issued a guide to help teachers solve all the problems in four simple sums.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

**Why Tottenham can never get it right on the pitch**

The Department of Education has issued a guide to help teachers solve all the problems in four simple sums.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

**Mr**

The Department of Education has issued a guide to help teachers solve all the problems in four simple sums.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

The guide is available in English, Welsh, and Gaelic.

First direct

Mr

First direct

Mr

First direct